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The Survival of Western Civilisation

Professor L. J. VAN HOLK, of Leyden

THE survival of Western Civilisation is a subject precarious in itself: because of its vast dimension and dim outlines; because of a hidden affinity with soothsaying, and a very sombre one at that: the very wording of the subject suggests decay and death, or at least a very narrow escape. On the other hand we simply have to face up to these sombre aspects of our future as forebodings, rumours and the brutal facts of a present situation: the dwindling of prosperity, political power and self-confidence in the West make this future a matter of grave concern for all of us. What are we to expect? What has Religious Liberalism to say about it? Or are we to leave the answers to the stern nihilism of the Existentialist, the indifferent smile of the Epicurean, the appeal to the Last Judgment of our orthodox brethren? I don't think so. But I do think that we shall need all the heroism we can command in face of tragedy to endure what may be in store for us; to preserve, to reconquer the outlook on a better framing of a western civilisation, if it is to be worth while to have a future at all.

Now our first concern is to define the concept of civilisation. Instead of comparing and discussing the two score, or more, existing formulæ I boldly choose my own: civilisation (or culture) is the tilling of the data of nature by the strength of the human spirit and soul. Although these two words "culture" and "civilisation" have in some languages a different meaning and a different appraisal, I shall use them interchangeably for nearly the same phenomenon: man cannot leave nature alone. He takes a deliberate attitude towards her—an attitude which is both arbitrary (in so far as other groups cultivate different things in a different style) and compulsory: man cannot help tilling or cultivating the soil, the gods, his own soul. Now we can discern an objective and a subjective side to this word civilisation:

(a) The objective achievements are social order fixed in Law, forms of state and government, techniques of various sorts, from cookery and clothing to ploughs, shipbuilding and machinery; the works of art, of science, of philosophy and religion.

(b) The subjective achievements are perhaps even more important: refinements in behaviour and ways of life, subtlety of taste and emotions, of the heart and inner being.

We all understand the truth (and its painfulness) in Th. Lessing's remark that "an automobile is often more civilised than the man who drives or owns it" or again the sigh of a Dutch novelist who

asked: "what does it avail humanity to have planes as long as the soul has no wings?" This very discrepancy shows us the aim of civilisation very clearly: subjective and objective achievements to become or to remain interwoven.

Now civilisation or culture is a term used not so much to indicate a personal achievement as to describe some vast social unit. We have learned to think of history, not as a mere succession of events, intrigues, battles, dynasties, dates—but as the development or display of a certain well-distinguished attitude, as I called it, or style (if you should prefer that word), linking together all those achievements, under the influence of race and language climate and landscape, in such a way that civilisation is the persisting coherence through centuries in varying expressions of life. We do see the link between Egypt and the Nile, between Hellas and her numerous isles, Europe and its moderate climate but sharply distinguished landscapes. Nobody with any historical education will take an obelisk to be Chinese, a pagoda to be typically German. We approximately understand an expression like "the spirit of Gothic art." Civilisation then is the specific human way of treating life and nature both personally and collectively: we transform the given world by our inner strength.

But like all things living, civilisation moves on, sometimes slowly, sometimes in rapid, revolutionary moves. That is to say: we can make a cut athwart any civilisation in a fixed period to describe the spirit of that age; or we can make a cut lengthwise. This last way is the doing of history, the supposition of any talk about past and future, birth and survival of civilisations.

Let us now try to make the cut athwart western civilisation on the basis of our previous definitions. How shall we characterise it, disentangle the real dynamics and components of it? Western civilisation clearly has its roots in the cultural inheritance of "the splendour that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome"; in the religious inheritance of Israel: the Christian religion; in the qualities, habits, aspirations of the Germanic tribes invading the old Empire. Blended together during the era of the migration they laid the foundation for the western nations, their states, societies and cultures: from their indissoluble mixture have sprung our churches and universities, our spirit of adventure both in piracy and traffic all around the globe and in observing nature's mysteries. The westerner is gifted with a very matter-of-fact intelligence as well as with a soaring, creative, contemplative soul. He loves conquering distances. To speak with Spengler: he has a "Faustian" soul. Yes, but this shows itself as well in Francis Drake and colonial empire, as in metaphysical ponderings on the interplay of realistic paintings of portrait or still life and the atmospheric and psychological depths of Rembrandt. Sharpened by the edge of hunger and war, fighting the Islamic infidel, searching the horizons of the Atlantic Ocean, western man has discovered the earth to be a planet,

and by discovering the New World has laid the foundation for a wider understanding of the world, the one world, which now we so desperately try to bring about.

If then we try to describe not historically but systematically what western civilisation in modern times has come to signify, we find the following characteristics:

(a) The West has brought about the technical conquest of nature through the power of experimental, calculating, rational scientific thinking; (time and again we have discovered, however, that such conquest implies losses too—take for instance the growing problem of the terrific noise in traffic and industry for our ears).

(b) Capitalistic industry, its mass-production, its precisions and uniformity, its credit economics, its genius for organisation, its vast urban populations, its timesaving, space-conquering devices for comfort and communications, its appalling suburbs, its unemployment, its depriving man of the pleasure of real skill in his daily work.

(c) The complex group of political, juridical, moral values, known as democratic institutions: the very concept of “the rights of man,” rights to justice, property, work, representation in government. With all its weaknesses and flaws, “democracy” stands for one of the highest achievements of the human spirit.

(d) A very free and flexible way of life, of education, a preparedness to remodel our examples and standards, to spread education and instruction, to re-think methods and results, a highly dynamical pattern of life in every province of civilisation.

(e) Certain types of art, benefiting from the same spirit of experiment and renewal, dynamic structure (unity of opposites); contrapuntal music, symphony, instrumental music; the vaults and skyscrapers of architecture, the daring perspectives in painting, the near-to-life realism even in sculpture; our theatrical technique and film development.

(f) All this thought out, communicated in Latin, Germanic, Slavic idioms, themselves the flexible instruments of these western peoples, belonging to the white or Caucasian race.

Conclusion: the love of freedom, the display of energy (Bergson would say “*élan vital*”), the sense of the multiplicity of life, the firm belief in Conquering the Infinite—that is the West. “Exploiting” for better and for worse—that is the West. But the West is also: seeking remedies for the evils, medical service, moral service, loyal devotion to human dignity, applying the dream of the Galilean to all realms of life.

Our next point of analysis is the term “survival” and its implications. It is but fair to state that Darwin created the vogue of this word by assigning to it a very definite meaning in his concept of evolution. On the presupposition of the harsh struggle for life, the merciless sacrifice of all weak creatures either to the appetite of their stronger brethren or to the disasters of indifferent nature

and her "circumstances," the idea that only the fittest could survive takes a special importance. There is but a small voice of approval in this survival,—or if you prefer it less gently—a ruggedly non-moral biological necessity underlying this point of view. Of course we may also discern in this fitness the superiority of spiritual strength, of flexibility and adaptation to the rigidity of saurian scales, shells and dimensions. But even so it remains obvious that existence is an abominable holocaust for the benefit of small minorities. Now on its way to success this biological concept met "the rising tide" of historical science. History too had immensely enlarged its fields of research, refined its methods of analysis, deepened the scope of its concepts. So it is not astonishing that in the philosophy of civilisation they were blended together, organic concepts were applied to historical processes: civilisations became kinds of living beings, passing from birth and youth through expansion and maturity to old age, decay, death and petrification; by an inexorable irreversible process: the modern form of fatalism.

But in the nineteenth century optimism prevailed. The inexorable process had nothing scaring in it. It seemed as if nothing were ahead of us that would not be better than the things that made up yesterday. The core of evolutionism was an irresistible upward movement, and therefore the survival of western civilisation was not seriously questioned; although it should be noted that some voices "few and far between" foretold coming catastrophe: Nietzsche among them, Burckhardt, the famous Swiss historian, while some dramatics like Strindberg, Ibsen, and Shaw saw the inner weakness and corruption of western civilisation. Yet up till 1914 optimism prevailed. The prestige of the West was incomparable. Even the ancient oriental nations looked to western civilisation as their model of renewal, the norm of political wisdom, the very chance for their own future after long centuries of dependence and cultural sleep.

Then the tide turned, sharply, unexpectedly, radically, as the twentieth century saw the West move downward. Two world wars had their effect on public opinion. Moreover they had their disastrous effect on the welfare, the standard of living, the grip of power. Together with the ever-growing social unrest, the blatant deficiencies in the western economic system, and the omnipresent dread of a third world war with the probably immeasurable consequences of destruction and misery for millions and millions have opened the eyes of thousands of thinking people, of millions of feeling people for the perception of these long ocean-like waves of history, "the decline and fall," not only of the Roman Empire (which had fascinated European thinking even in the heyday of western power and glory), but of our own privileged civilisation: London and Germany in ruins, France and the Low Countries plundered, the victorious allies hopelessly impoverished, the liberated Eastern European countries enslaved behind the iron

curtain, leave us face to face with this fearful problem of the future. It now seems that if we survive at all, that would be much indeed, humbly and thankfully to be accepted.

So we should not expect too much of a brilliant career for western civilisation. The present generation, far more than that of 1920, feels the threatening actuality of our topic: mass-destruction cynically planned for military and political reasons, the cruel debasement of freedom in the police-states, the doubtful destiny of those teeming millions of Asia (with overpopulation menacing even a country like the Netherlands!), the tortuous game of espionage and counter-espionage, even the theoretical problem of a civilisation destroying itself by means of weapons conceived in the sanctuaries of science, the numerous restrictions of freedom in democracies to save Freedom—all these considerations make this problem of survival a central vital, haunting question for modern man.

This practical aspect is strengthened by a theoretical one: numerous indeed are the thinkers on the philosophy of history, who have treated this subject: Wells, van Loon, Toynbee; Spengler, Th. Lessing, Ortega y Gasset; even Berdyaev, interpreting our theme from a Greek Orthodox point of view. None, I think, has expressed the general keynote so well as Spengler, however conceived a German he might be, however improbable, inconsistent, wildly speculative many of his constructions are. He has formulated most pungently the basic problems: the irresistible push of destiny; the amorphic "Caesarism" of totalitarian states, the imperilled situation of the white race in consequence of social justice extended to the coloured people. He called for national socialism, but foresaw clearly that the "right to work" would before long be converted into a "duty to work," i.e. the insufferable slave-labour of totalitarian régimes. Spengler may have been a ludicrous dilettante; unhappily he has foretold with uncanny intuition what the twentieth century gradually was leading up to. From the psychological side Freud had noted "Das Unbehagen an der Kultur," that is the growing aversion of masses of people from the demands made upon them by society and its hypocritical moral standards.

Now of course it should be added, that such a gloomy picture had been drawn before by many religions. Biblical wisdom has it that the succeeding realms of history represent a progressive deterioration—so Daniel's well-known vision. The *Avesta* knows about the majestic cosmic drama played between Good and Evil, Light and Darkness, Ahura Mazda and Angro Mainyus. The *Revelation of St. John* foresees a terrible time before the Day of Judgment comes and the Antichrist with all his hordes will be destroyed. Some few chosen Christians "sealed" by the Holy Ghost will survive. But the plagues will exterminate the vast majority of men. The *Edda*, that precious document of Icelandic

religion, knows also about the struggle between Odhin and Loki, the famous Twilight of the Gods.

Our conclusion of this part is: the word "survival" describes a very actual problem as well as an age-old premonition. It expresses a sense of peril, a form of time-consciousness, of the fragile and perishable nature of all civilisation—together with a hope that the truly valuable will last, endure, and triumph: "the remnant shall return" as Isaiah said (x: 21). This double meaning of destruction and restoration gives depth to this concept of survival: a fundamental insight into the nature of man and his awareness of cosmic destiny.

We now must press further into the recess of the meaning of our topic. To begin with: it is quite obvious that the past, even the remote past, survives somehow or other. Our astronomy, for instance, our calendar, some aspects of our geometry, are built on the wisdom of Egypt and Babylonia and preserve some treasures of their ancient civilisation, departed centuries ago. But not only did we preserve some of that civilisation, we unearthed it, thanks to Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt and Champollion's deciphering of hieroglyphs: Egyptian sphinxes and obelisks, pyramids and pylons became fashionable art-elements in nineteenth century western civilisation. Yet the once powerful style-consciousness of pharaonic Egypt is lost, irretrievably lost. No research, no historical reconstruction can bring to life the worship of Re and Osiris, Isis and Bastet. Not even the incomparable loveliness of queen Nefertete's portrait can make us forget the loss of that ancient culture.

The same holds true for Greece and Rome. However much of that form of civilisation may have been preserved, cherished, interpreted again and again, never will the inner style of it be our own style. Newspaper and broadcasting have supplanted *agora* and forum. Our most distinguished spiritual festivals are not quite as Plato's Symposium was. Our music, our paintings, our dresses, our emotions are utterly different from those of Virgil and Sappho, Aeschylus and Cicero. We still read them. There is a bridge from them to us, to be sure. But the "inner sanctuary" is as radically gone as are their temples: nothing remains but relics among ruins. But even the Gothic "attitude" is foreign to us. Nothing proves it so painfully, so clearly, so unmistakably as the appalling endeavours of neo-gothic architecture of the last century. There is something highly incongruous about modern universities moving among Gothic monuments. They do confess a precious continuity, to be sure. Yet how much of the truly Gothic spirit has survived among us? All this may help us to admit that every civilisation is confronted with the doom of disappearance and with the probability of the survival of some of its techniques, its achievements, its beauty and its wisdom.

Now it is true—our second point—that we are not so much concerned about what will have survived of the West a thousand

years hence, for most of us are ready to admit that even if that were very near to nothing, it would be also so deeply lost in the mists of Time, so unreal to our grave dread for the present time, that we can acquiesce in that. But what will be left a hundred years hence? Or even fifty, or perhaps ten years? Imminence is the sting of danger. On the other hand imminence is apt to obscure the true proportions of danger and catastrophe. So, even if we must fear a major disaster in the near future, that would still leave us with the possible hope for survival of many valuable aspects of western civilisation for later days.

Now these considerations have not yet focussed our attention on the core of the problem of survival. We shall get a view of that core only if we fully realise the metaphysical antagonism in spiritual life as such. What exactly is this antagonism? On the one hand there is unquestionably the fact that all life is death-bound, time-ridden, perishable, and even short, if compared with the yearning of the heart for the imperishable, for life eternal. Part of our despair to see things decay is derived from the fact that we are tenaciously unwilling to accept the Lesson, read to us by Life itself. We fight doggedly against death for one more year of existence, one month, even one day. Whether consciously so or not, we really are disciples of Ecclesiastes who teaches us that "a living dog is better than a dead lion." Of course it can be argued that part of this our unwillingness comes from the fear that the Lesson of the transitoriness of all things, once learned and understood, will paralyse us with unhappiness and abandonment to the inevitable; or with the frivolity of distractions, or with the sweet but deadly sadness of Omar Khayyam's enhancing quatrains:

Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
The winter garment of repentance fling;
The bird of time has but a little way
To fly—and lo! the bird is on the wing.

Or shall we rather listen to Li Tai Po's melancholy, or to the spleen of overcivilised Baudelaire or Swinburne?

So far it should be conceded that, mixed creatures as we are, we fight for the folly of life from a healthy but coarse instinct—as well as from a spiritual belief or duty to preserve the really valuable, to rescue it from decay, to renew it with the help of deep resources of moral strength, of religious inspiration. The antagonism then is that we fight both courageously and timorously for life, irreplaceable, precious life; for the values of the spirit and for the preservation of the ignoble things that go with civilisation. We fight both with wisdom and with folly. It is this deep antagonism which makes the poignancy and grandeur of our theme.

So we continue fighting for the survival of western civilisation—even if we grant—and I think everybody does grant this—that it contains much which should not survive at all, which even should be eradicated, because it is inferior: the dreary, endless slums of

the big cities; our warfare-methods, the lamentable destruction of landscape, of animals; our prison-system, our race discriminations, our vulgar discourtesy, the diabolic development of subversive tactics in political and economical life.

We continue to fight even if we grant—I am not quite so sure that here everybody would agree—that the very best of our civilisation, that is, its achievements in the realms of art, science, philosophy, religion, are not the last, not the only possible word in achievement. Why do we continue to fight?

Because we are convinced that for the benefit of our children and our children's children, for that of alien races, yea, for the self-respect and dignity of mankind as a whole it is unconditionally necessary that the basic ideas that support the Rights of Man should be carried on and defended; that the very notion of free investigation of facts and autonomy of science and thinking are indispensable for any and every form of civilisation; that the level of social security—even of comfort for the masses—ought never to be lowered.

But not only are we convinced that these things should survive somehow, we are convinced that we should plan most carefully to protect them, and—what is more—to deepen, to renew, to recreate them by continuous efforts: civilisation cannot survive by survival alone, it must be revived, inspired. It must progress, if it is not to die. Our western civilisation, with all its stains and blemishes and notwithstanding all its limitations, is yet a priceless inheritance for generations to come.

Now if this planning is to succeed at all, we must ward off such a destructive event as a third world war would be. We must unite and co-ordinate all efforts to this goal. We should acknowledge that all forms of isolationism and provincialism are deadly sins. We should find means to make not only the beauties of civilisation, but daily life itself worth the living for the untold millions in the so-called “underprivileged” groups of mankind. Such social and political work is not the whole of civilisation, but civilisation cannot prosper unless on a solid basis of universal welfare, education, political framework. Order and Planning on that level are inevitable—however much we may leave to playfulness, fantasy and inspiration in the other fields of human activity. That is to say that, whether we like it or not, we are inescapably led on to the deepening and renewal of Reason and Love. As for reason: irrationalism may appeal more to the incurable romanticist in us. But we know from the Nazi system what irrationalism (“blood and toil”) means practically—something unacceptable, degrading, unwholesome. We should therefore try with all our might to make Love—of mankind—a more inspiring force in our emotional life.

It is often said nowadays in conservative church quarters that we should abandon and overcome the ideals of the Era of Enlightenment. This to me seems the summit of misunderstanding.

The men of the eighteenth century fought for freedom. We see anarchy and dictatorships in contemporary history, but freedom still is rare. And should we abandon our fight for freedom? What for? Or in exchange for what better ideal? No, it is more freedom we want, not less. Or, take tolerance. Antiquated and senile indulgence, is it? But let us look around us: in our overcrowded world we need more tolerance, not less of it. A riper form, to be sure, but still tolerance, not as a grace to be given or withheld, but as a right and a duty to be fulfilled.

In our twentieth century, narrowing down the entire planet to one coherent community of white and yellow and black races, of bourgeois and labourers, of many tongues, we need justice, strictly impartial justice and mutual trust more than ever before.

If we are to cope with the heavy burden of human sufferings, we should show compassion more abundantly than ever before—because we realise more fully than our ancestors did that human civilisation, whether oriental or occidental, can never flourish, unless we have, all of us, a heart to succour the suffering victims of society. Indeed, from whatever point of view we look on civilisation, we are driven to enlarge our theme to treat it well: the survival of western civilisation is linked up with the survival of all civilisations. All “ideals” are in mortal danger. If any thing worth while is to survive, we should renew our faith in, our loyalty to, Reason and Love, Freedom and Tolerance, Righteousness and Compassion, to the beautiful “old-fashioned” models of that same miserably slighted and despised century of Enlightenment. That is to say—in this process of planning our survival, those values for which religious liberalism has always stood, are needed more, not less, than in any previous century, although I add we should understand these ideals in a far less naive and abstract way than the eighteenth century did, having learned some very necessary lessons in the school of existentialism.

One of the most inspiring and most practical beliefs of Christianity is that man is created after the image of God. The most saddening experience of the West in the short but violent story of nazism was that that system did its utmost to destroy this image of God in man. That is the deep religious and metaphysical reason why nazism had to be defeated: that was the very condition on which the future of human dignity depended. Therefore Christian religious teaching is still the soundest force in western civilisation, and a task entrusted to us before anything else. We should stand firmly by our Christian tradition. Only we should add more comprehension for the tragic darkness, the failure, the sins and sorrows of mankind than religious liberalism did in the former century. But such fuller comprehension should not supplant the belief in Christian humanism, but should enrich it. There are perplexities in the soul, in the community, in nature which we cannot solve forthwith, which probably we

shall never be able to solve. We should admit this, we should mitigate a little our naive optimism (if such attitude still persists amid the storm and strife of our age). We should stand up to our own ideals. We did not choose our time, it chooses us to fight its battles, to uphold its best traditions, to create new insights.

We should not do that by crawling back to the sheltered eternal truths of churches, however venerable, but bound up with the errors of the past: hierarchical conceit and sacramental superstition. Nor should we "fly forward" and take refuge in some communistic utopia. For where there is a question of survival there is a question of risks and adventures. These we are to find in religious liberalism, which scorns shelter and refuses to retreat to any fixed and ready-made system, but believes that we should experiment and dare, in a firm sense of personal and social responsibility, and find encouragement, comfort and inspiration in the belief that God, being God, will never abandon His handiwork, but that He will be with us now and again and again.

When Jesus was born, He was given a second name Immanu-el. That means: God-with-us.

That is all the creed I want, all the faith I need to do my part in that fierce but majestic struggle for the survival of western civilisation, which really is the fight for the survival of all civilisations, the fight for building the New Civilisation.

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The Significance of Albert Schweitzer for the problem "Power of Struggle against Power of Spirit"

Professor FRITZ BURI, of Basle

MY subject is the meaning of Albert Schweitzer in relation to the Problem of the Power of Struggle and the Power of Spirit. This is a subject on which Albert Schweitzer, as few other men, has something important to say to us—so important, that it will not do any harm to repeat some things already well known: on the contrary it may be helpful.

And now regarding the questions affecting us what does Schweitzer have to say to us: first, theoretically, and secondly, practically?

I.

As to the theoretical question I should like to begin with Schweitzer's view of Goethe, shown in the address which he gave on him at Aspen, Colorado not long ago. He explained that the greatness of the World View of Goethe lay in two points. The first is that, like the great idealists of his time, Goethe understands man as a being in which the spirit will triumph over nature. The second point is that he, in contrast to Kant, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel, refused to construct from this Spirit-principle, through epistemological or speculative manipulations, a universal World View out of which Ethics should be derived. This basic thought, which is Schweitzer's own World View, along with many other points links him with Goethe, and he develops this thought again and again in his ethical, theological and biographical writings. The philosophical expression of this principle is that although the dualistic systems do not correspond to the universal desire of the spirit, they are ethically more valuable than the monistic systems because the latter mistake the enigma of the ethical moment. Expressed in the terms of Christian theology, the Christ-mysticism of Paul is to be preferred to the God-mysticism of John. And once again the same thing in a picture from the world of Schweitzer: it does not attempt, in the doctrine of Reverence for Life, to make out of itself an all-embracing cathedral. It contents itself with the erection of a choir-place. But therein it worships God without interruption.

Let us then clarify this somewhat, and in this way; by contrasting this conception of Schweitzer's, which he has found in Goethe, with some of the conceptions of our time.

As at all times, there is also today an idealism which is persuaded that in man and through man the Spirit is destined to conquer nature in the world. To be a man does not mean simply to give full rein

to natural desires, but to seek after the purpose of life and to attempt to realize it. Schweitzer defines this purpose in an elementary and comprehensive way as Reverence for Life, namely, an attitude determined by the natural will of life, deepened by thought, which, as such, must esteem not only its own life but all life, which must consider all damage to life as guilt, and which must seize every opportunity to further life as an opportunity of atonement. Therein lies, as Schweitzer has shown, the essence of real culture.

But man would like to have a guarantee that this spirit will finally triumph. He desires this guarantee because he sees in himself and around himself powers quite different from this idea of culture, namely the sheer will to live, added to wildly destructive natural powers. And so he constructs for himself in religious, mythological pictures, or in politico-social Utopias, or in philosophical speculations, a perfect world, a coming kingdom of God, a future paradise on earth in a classless society, or in a pure spirit-world of which the material is only an image.

But there can follow an adjustment to nature of these ideals which should lead man beyond nature, and the result is a mere utilitarian ethic, or even a demoniacal justification of immoral acts of violence and institutions for the sake of a so-called higher or "holy" purpose. A second possibility is that optimism about the future may assert itself in the face of all hindrances and believe blindly and stubbornly in the miraculous, and then, when the miraculous does not appear, and the sense-enigma of the world inexorably reveals itself, this optimism falls into a completely abysmal despair about God, man and all good. We have plenty of examples of this in our time.

We live today in a world filled with the ruins of religious and philosophical, political and economic ideologies. We hit each other on the head with the broken fragments of such ideologies. Possessed by anxiety, we seek to secure ourselves behind iron curtains. We are in the danger of declining to the level of cave-men, to an existence which is able to expel all nature-enthusiasm. Neither stock-exchanges nor altars, neither parties nor hierarchies are able to stop this decline.

Let us hear now in this apocalypse of nihilism the truly prophetic voice of Albert Schweitzer. He has foreseen this catastrophe, because he has recognized that our civilization is no longer guided by the spirit, that we have become the slaves of our inventions, and deceive ourselves regarding this situation through outward success and thoughtlessness. What has taken place in the world since the beginning of his studies in Culture-Philosophy, has confirmed his pessimistic prognosis. But it has not been able to break his optimism, because his optimism is not of a superficial kind: it is a truly believing one, founded in ethical thinking.

The main value of Schweitzer's Culture-Philosophy for our despairing time lies in the fact that in it he shows us the way to a

genuine, active optimism. He gives us two basic directions towards this goal:

First: Thinking must be precise, elemental and consistent thinking. Schweitzer is a rationalist and does not hesitate to confess himself a rationalist even in this age, which almost despairs of thinking and is ready to throw itself into the arms of all kinds of irrationalism. According to Schweitzer, the special potentiality and dignity of man lies in thinking. Apart from thinking, man becomes the victim of dark powers and forces and sinks to the bare natural state. However it must not be an artificial or unreal thinking, but an elementary, comprehensible and therefore cogent thinking—a thinking which does not move in thin abstractions, but grows out of the realities of concrete life and proves its rightness by repeated applications in concrete life. This thinking proves its power in that, when it deals with reality, it does not violate reality nor misinterpret it, but remains true to its acquired perception and thus becomes the motive and idea of formative action. Schweitzer has for this a formula: "Reverence for Life," for "we are life, which will live, and we are in the midst of life, which will live."

Second: Elementary ethical thinking must be at once humble and high-minded. It may not believe itself able to construct the whole universe according to its ideas. We do not sit in the council of the gods. Life is deeper than we mortals like to think. Not only nature but, much more, history, is full of abysmal riddles. We do not know why life can live only at the cost of other life, or why there is the meaningless and evil in the world. The greatness of the ethical thinking of Schweitzer lies in the fact that it dares to be in this relation agnostic; it does not postulate a history of salvation, or a spirit-world with the help of religious or philosophical speculations, but remains humble before the inexplicable riddle. But in this very attitude, it achieves real high-mindedness, in that it perceives itself to be the light in the darkness, the special sense-possibility of man in the midst of the sense-mystery of the world. Where it becomes possible for us to think and to act out of reverence for life, there the darkness lightens itself a little, there appears sense and there sense can be realized. And when a man to whom this possibility appears, recognizes this possibility as a gift, a grace of God, he will at the same time become aware of himself as chosen by God as an instrument of the redemption of God. Schelling's idea of the evolving God is here to be noted. But Schweitzer prefers, quite rightly, the original conception of Christ: Christ as a symbol for a special, saving, creative power of God. Therefore he declares the apostle Paul to be the great Christian thinker because the apostle has found in his Christ-mysticism the permanent, symbolic expression of this sense-possibility of human existence. Paul says not, as John, that God is love, but that we become one with God through love in the spirit of Christ. We cannot exhaust the depths of this God, but it is not necessary to attempt it. It is

sufficient for us that he reveals himself in our loving as the lover.

And now enough of theology. Otherwise it could lead us into discussions which might appear altogether too typically European and unpractical.

Let us see what practical consequences Schweitzer develops from these principles and let us choose two viewpoints which are especially important for our theme, "Power of Struggle" versus "Power of Spirit."

Again we can take for a starting-point the spiritual kindredship of Schweitzer with Goethe. It is always revealing for the character of a man to see what he emphasizes in another person and what he considers to be exemplary.

Schweitzer admires above all in Goethe his struggle for pure humanity, both in the way in which Goethe struggles with his own nature and the way in which he brings this ideal to expression in the characters of his works. And here notably the figure of Iphigenie has powerfully attracted Schweitzer. When Iphigenie, rejecting force and deceit and trusting only in strength of truth, dares to confront the dark tyrant Thoas, Goethe sees in her the incarnation of purest humanity. One may protest that the conversion of Thoas is psychologically improbable. However Goethe thereby brings to expression his belief in the power of truth. Going beyond Goethe's idealism, Schweitzer's thought allies us with truth, although we have no theoretical or practical guarantee that truth will triumph. To renounce truth because of this danger of defeat would mean in any case to betray the spirit to blind force.

I must not fail at this point to quote some sentences which Schweitzer has written in his book, *Memoirs of Childhood and Youth*, about the power of the ideal. We must all be prepared to find that life tries to take from us our belief in the good and the true, and our enthusiasm for them, but we need not surrender them. Ideals, when they are brought into contact with reality, are usually crushed by facts but this means, not that they are bound from the very beginning to capitulate to the facts, but that our ideals are not strong enough; and they are not strong enough because they are not pure and stable enough in ourselves.

"The power of ideals is incalculable. We see no power in a drop of water. But let it get into a crack in the rock and be turned to ice, and it splits the rock; turned into steam, it drives the pistons of the most powerful engines. Something has happened to it which makes active and effective the power that is latent in it.

"So it is with ideals. Ideals are thoughts. So long as they exist merely as thoughts, the power latent in them remains ineffective, however great the enthusiasm, and however strong the conviction with which the thought is held. Their power only becomes effective when they are taken up into some refined human personality."

Thus is Schweitzer a realist—but a realist of the spirit. And he is a realist in that his trust in the power of the spirit does not

mean a false optimism in the face of evil. His realism shows itself, for instance, in his very realistic pronouncements on colonial questions. Out of his own acquaintance with coloured people, he knows that one does them no service when for example one allows them democratic liberties for the use of which they are not yet ready and which only lead them into temptation to abuse these liberties. Thus, when a native in his hospital carries out a task only desultorily, Schweitzer holds himself responsible because he has failed to exert the necessary control. Through his excessive trust, he has brought the native into temptation to give himself over to his propensities, in this case to laziness. With all our trusting in the power of the spirit, we must not give an opponent the temptation to interpret our idealism as weakness, otherwise we invite him to use force. We must take care that he lets well alone.

The second point which Schweitzer has in common with Goethe, and which belongs also to our theme, concerns the attitude toward modern technology and organisation. As Minister to his prince, Goethe lived not all of the time for his poetry and other spiritual things, but occupied himself very much, and with all his energy, in very sober and prosaic things, such as street-improvements and social tasks. And, being the passionate scientist he was, he employed a great amount of time in all kinds of experiments, particularly in connection with his theory of colours and the metamorphosis of plants. But in all this he was, as Schweitzer emphasizes, very hesitant in the use of technical helps. And when he felt it necessary, he could give his time and attention quite freely to a single person.

To illustrate this last characteristic of Goethe, Schweitzer mentioned in an earlier address on Goethe the journey into the Harz mountains which Goethe once took upon himself, in cold and fog, in order to comfort a young man who found himself in spiritual difficulty. And thereby Schweitzer remarks that, since then, whenever he has to make a sacrifice of time and strength in order to serve a brother who needs his help, he is accustomed to remember Goethe and to say to himself, "This is now my journey into the Harz."

Thus Schweitzer heard the call of the mission to help the natives of the Congo area, who needed the ministry of a physician, and at thirty years of age he began to study medicine and founded afterwards his Negro hospital, for which he has sacrificed already so very many other and, to us, apparently important plans. So Lambarene became his great "journey into the Harz" which even now fully occupies him at the age of seventy-six years. However, through Lambarene more than through all his scientific and artistic works Schweitzer's name has become a symbol for all mankind, a symbol of the direct service of the individual to the individual, in which, as hardly anywhere else in this time of the masses and of force, the triumphant power of the spirit has become a comforting and inspiring reality. In his writings Schweitzer has repeatedly declared this attitude to be the basis of a genuine culture. With

astute analysis he shows in his Culture Philosophy that true progress is not based upon technology and organization, but that these, on the contrary, can become dangerous to progress if they are not guided by the personal responsibility of the individual. That is not to say that Schweitzer is an enemy of inventions or a despiser of organization. Only the newest and best medicines and methods are good enough, in his eyes, for his hospital; tropical medicine has benefited tremendously from his experiments, and he is himself an extraordinary organizer. All who have been to Lambarene testify that, without him, the hospital would not be what it is: he is the soul of it all, and even in the smallest details the influence of his spirit is felt. Though his circle of helpers is large and worldwide the hospital is his own personal work, and only his.

Thus it is not out of mere theory but out of very personal experience that he writes about the so-called culture-progress: "Our civilization is doomed because it has developed with much greater vigour materially than it has spiritually. Its equilibrium has been destroyed . . . But in our enthusiasm for knowledge and power we have arrived at a mistaken conception of what civilization is. We over-value the material gains wrung from nature, and have no longer present in our minds the true significance of the spiritual element in life." "Through progress of knowledge and ability real culture is not made easier, but more difficult." "The essence of culture does not consist in material achievements, but in the fact that individuals have a vision of the perfection of man and of the improvement of the social and political conditions of the nations and of mankind, and that individuals are guided by such ideals in their thinking in a forceful and constant manner."

Concerning the problem of organization, however, we read in Schweitzer's writings: "Our whole spiritual life nowadays has its course within organizations. From childhood up, the man of today has his mind so full of the thought of discipline that he loses the sense of his own individuality and can only see himself as thinking in the spirit of some group or other of his fellows." "From year to year the thoughtless expansion of opinions by organizations becomes more and more developed. The methods of this expansion have arrived at such perfection and have found such an acceptance that the audacity to make the most absurd idea a legitimate public opinion, when it seems to be profitable, does not need to be justified." "The organized political, social and religious institutions of our time are attempting to bring the individual to the place where he will not acquire his opinions through his own thinking, but will accept these opinions as his own which these institutions offer him. A man who thinks for himself and thereby is spiritually free is for them something uncomfortable and frightening." "The most purposeful improvements of the organization of our society, after which we must strive, can help us only when we are at the same time capable of giving our time a new spirit."

Therefore Schweitzer calls repeatedly for resistance against propaganda, against this cunning instrument of force, which turns the spirit into non-spirit: "A new public opinion must be created privately and unobtrusively. The existing one is maintained by the press, by propaganda, by organization, and by financial and other influences which are at its disposal. This unnatural way of spreading ideas must be opposed by the natural one, which goes from man to man and relies solely on the truth of the thoughts and the hearer's receptiveness for new truth. Unarmed and following the human spirit's primitive and natural fighting method, it must attack the other, which faces it, as Goliath faced David, in the mighty armour of the age."

With this picture of David and Goliath we shall close. We have here in gripping fashion symbolically summarised Albert Schweitzer's message about the question of spirit and force which has concerned us: only out of daring, and self-sacrificing thinking and acting on the part of the individual man, who responds when the need of the hour calls him forth, can we hope to overcome the colossus of force which today threatens freedom and human dignity. In a similar situation David not only prayed and hoped for a miracle when he confronted Goliath, but he swung his sling and hit the mark with his stone. That was not Reverence for Life, but as Schweitzer explains in another context, it is an acting out of supra-personal responsibility, which makes us guilty even when we do our duty; and this experience is a revelation of our existence which is involved in the sense-riddle of history. Force does not become good because it may have a good purpose; it remains evil. We well know this conflict today, and we may not avoid or even lessen it, but we must think it through and endure it in all its violence. Thus only can this conflict bring us inner purification and the willingness to make atonement for unavoidable guilt; and, just as no mere military victory can bring us this inward cleansing, so no outward defeat can destroy it. But all this, namely responsibility and self-sacrifice (guilt and the strength to endure guilt) and the ability to consider the remaining span of our lives as an opportunity to make atonement for thoughtlessly acquired and unavoidable guilt,—all these things which belong to a real humanity—Schweitzer has found in the New Testament conception of Christ. And therefore his favourite text is the verse out of the Epistle to the Philippians: "And may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus."

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Time, Death and Eternal Life *

Prof. CHARLES HARTSHORNE, of Chicago

OUR lives on earth are finite in space and in time. That we are, finite in space perhaps only means that we are not the universe but constituents of it. True, the universe itself may, according to some speculations, be finite, but that is a different sort of finitude. *Our* finitude is our fragmentariness with respect to what exists; the finitude of the universe, if it be finite, is its limitedness with respect to the possibilities, rather than the actualities, of existence. The fact that we are spatially limited means that we have neighbours around us; but the universe, taken as the total reality, has no neighbours. A conscious individual without neighbours seems conceivable only as deity. God has no environment, unless an internal one. Thus either he is infinite, or he is finite as the universe perhaps is, but certainly not as we are.

The conclusion so far is that our spatial finitude is the truism that we are neither the total universe nor deity. If we were the total universe or deity, we should not be "we"; and so our spatial limitedness is tautological. There is no alternative.

How is it with temporal finitude? It seems clear that, had we never been born, but instead had always existed throughout past time, we should not have been human beings and should not have been "we" ourselves at all. How could any one of us have been the same individual at all times past, down to the present? Either he must have forgotten all but the most recent times, or else he must be conscious of a personal continuity through the most radical cultural diversities, changes of beliefs, attitudes, and events. But is it not precisely in our limitations that our personal identity consists? To be an individual among many, rather than, like God, *the* individual, is to leave to others all but a few of the actual attitudes, beliefs, patterns of living. Just as one cannot integrate into the unity of one's consciousness perceptions from multitudes of localities, but only from one locality, in space, and not from many but only from one set of sense organs, so one cannot focus into this human personality the ideas and purposes of diverse centuries, let alone all centuries.

It seems, then, that temporal and spatial finitude have in some respects the same truistic meaning. I am not the universe or God, hence *of course* I am not everywhere, and of course I am not primordial, but rather a being whose existence began at a certain moment of time. However, when we consider temporal limitation

* *Through the departure of Professor Hartshorne on a visit to Australia this article is appearing in a shortened form without his having been able to approve the cuts made in the original. Ed.*

with regard to the future rather than the past, there seems to be an additional question at issue. Something that exists in a small corner of the world nevertheless does exist there. It is not everything, but it is certainly something. But what once existed, and now has "ceased to exist," is apparently not only limited in scope, it even appears not to exist at all. Is it something, or is it nothing? If you reply, it *once* was something, but now it is nothing, you have scarcely clarified the matter. For something cannot literally become nothing. The word nothing and the word Washington clearly do not have the same referent. Surely, even now when I say "Washington" what I refer to is not mere non-entity. And yet, in what sense is the no-longer-existent nevertheless still something?

There are two basically contrasting attitudes toward this question. According to the one view, not only after the death of Washington is Washington still something, still a reality, since he can be referred to by a term whose reference is not the same as that of the term "nothing," but also in any past time prior to the birth of Washington there was already a something which may be described as the Washington who was "going to live" on earth, just as our present Washington is the one who "once lived" on earth. Thus, according to this theory, prior to birth, the individual is there behind the stage entrance ready to come on the stage, and after death he is there beyond the exit through which he has passed off the stage. According to the other view, prior to birth, there just is no such individual as Washington. No one refers to any individual whose life lies centuries in the future, as many of us do refer to individuals who lived centuries in the past. Where there is no reference, there need be no referent; and thus the argument that "Washington must still be something" cannot be used to prove that thousands of years ago he was already something.

According to either of the views just outlined, death is not sheer destruction, the turning of being into not-being. To me at least it is a truism, though one often forgotten, that whatever death may mean it cannot mean that a man is first something real and then something unreal.

If temporal relations are not real as references running either way in time, then it is hard to see what they can be. For then it is neither true that Washington is something with the character of what is going to be (before he is born), nor is he something with the character of having been (after he is dead). But then there just is no truth about the temporal process at all. Only as something happens could it be referred to. The implication is that there is nothing to refer to since the passing moment can hardly speak concerning itself.

If we drop this impossible extreme, then we must also break once for all with the idea of death as simple destruction of an individual. Either individuals are eternal realities, items in a complex of events (so-called, for on this view they seem to lose

their character as happenings) which as a whole never came to be and cannot cease to be but simply is; or else individuals are not eternal, since there are new ones from time to time, but yet once in the total of reality no individual can pass from this total. An individual becomes, he does not de-become or unbecome; he is created, he is not destroyed.

What then is death?

Death is the last page of the last chapter of the book of one's life, as birth is the first page of the first chapter. Without a first page there is no book. But given the first page there is, in so far, a book. The question of death then is, how rich, and how complete, is the book? It is not a question of reality. The book is already real as soon as the possibility of my death arises; and as we have argued, reality is indestructible, whether or not it is created. But truncated books, without suitable extent and proper conclusions, are always possible until life has continued long enough for the individual's basic purposes to be carried out. Such truncation can be tragic. But it is not even tragic if the entire book is to be annihilated, for then there will have been nothing, not even something tragically broken off and brief. The evil of death presupposes indestructibility of the individual as such. Washington having died is at least—Washington. Not just a certain corpse for, by Washington, we mean a unique unity of experience and decision and thought, and that is no corpse. So those are right who say to themselves upon the death of the loved one: it cannot be that that beloved human reality is now nothing, or is now something not human at all. Only, we must distinguish between reality in the form of actuality and reality in the form of potentiality. The realized actuality of the beloved one lay in his or her thoughts, feelings, decisions, perceptions. These are evermore as real as when they occurred. But it does not follow that *new* thoughts, feelings, decisions are occurring "in heaven" having the stamp of the same individuality, or that friends who died earlier are now being conversed with, and so on. This would be new reality, not the indestructibility of the old. Perhaps such views of heaven are only mythical ways of trying to grasp the truth that death is not ultimate destruction but simply termination, finitude.

To say, the book of my life, be it long or short, is indestructible, suggests at least a potential reader of that book for any time in the future. A book which neither is nor could be read is scarcely a book; a chain of events which cannot be known by any possible mind is doubtfully distinguishable from non-entity. Well, who are the at least potential readers of the book of our lives after they have reached their final chapter in death? The answer nearest to hand is, of course, future human beings, posterity. Immortality as thus constituted has been termed social immortality. Our children, or the readers of books (in the literal sense) which we have written, or the spectators of the buildings we have erected, or those who

recall words we have spoken or the expression of our features, it is these who furnish the actual or at least potential realization of our future reality as an individual with the status we describe as that of having-existed. There are two severe limitations to this kind of immortality. No human being will, it seems fairly clear, strictly speaking, read even a page in the book we will have written by the act of living, the book of our experiences, thoughts, intentions, decisions, emotions, and the like. Even while we live no one else quite sees the content of one's own experience at this or that moment. It is all the more true that the reality of Washington as an individual having-really-lived-thus-and-thus is not a reality by virtue of any experience which we either do or even could now have. The only positive account of this reality which can be imagined, so far as I can see, is that there is an individual not subject to the incurable ignorances of human perception, understanding, and memory, but which has from the time Washington was born been fully aware of all that he felt, sensed, thought, or dreamed, and of just how he felt, sensed, thought, or dreamed it.

In short, our adequate immortality can only be God's omniscience of us. He to whom all hearts are open remains ever more open to any heart that ever has been apparent to him. What we once were to him, *less* than that we never can be, for he himself as knowing us would become less than that for himself, would lose something of his own reality, and this loss of something that has been must be final, since if deity cannot furnish the abiding reality of events, there is, as we have seen, no other way, intelligible to us at least, in which it can be furnished. Now as we saw at the beginning of our discussion, temporal limitedness seems to have the same basic meaning as spatial, in that it is an aspect of our individuality as such, as non-divine individuality. If our capacity to assimilate new future content and yet remain ourselves, as much united with our past selves as in contrast to them, is unlimited, then in that respect we are exactly as God is. For it is one of the divine attributes, that no novelty of content can be too much for personal continuity or integrity. In unlimited future time, unlimited novelty must accrue (unless there is to be ever-increasing monotony or boredom) and yet one is always to be oneself, just that individual and no other, and not identical with God. For if you say we are to become God you merely utter a contradiction. As for metaphors like being "absorbed into deity," they merely evade alternatives that can be stated more directly. Such crude physical images are surely not the best our spiritual insight can suggest.

A popular idea of immortality is that after death the artist will paint new pictures in some finer medium; by the same principle, the statesman will have some finer mode of group leadership opened up to him, and so on. I wonder. The chance to paint pictures or lead groups seems to be here and now; and there will not, I suspect, be another—*for us*. Our chance to do right and not wrong,

to love God and in God all creatures, is here and now. There not only will be no marrying and giving in marriage in the heavenly mansions, there will be no personal actions of yours and mine, other than those we enact before we die. And there will be no such thing as our feeling (with a feeling we lacked while on earth) pain or sorrow as punishment for misdeeds, or bliss as reward for good ones. The time and place to look for the rewards of virtue are now and here. If you cannot on earth find good in being good, and ill in being or doing ill, then I doubt if you will find it in any heaven or hell. After all, if love is to be the motive, then scheming for reward or avoidance of punishment must not be the motive; and what should not be motive is irrelevant. If love is not its own reward, then God is not love.

But words are slippery and inadequate. While I have the notion that the theory of heaven and hell is in good part a colossal error, and one of the most dangerous that ever occurred to the human mind, I also think that it was closely associated with certain truths, and that it requires intellectual and spiritual effort to purify these truths from the error.

First, I hold it is true that death is not destruction of an individual's reality but merely the affixing of the quantum of that individual's reality. Death only says to us, *more* than you already have been you will not be. For instance, the virtues you have failed to acquire, you will now never acquire. It is too late. You had your chance. This may be thought to be expressed in the notion of the last judgment. And here is the second truth in traditional ideas: our lives will be definitely estimated, the account will be closed, nothing can be added or taken away. But this applies to punishments and rewards also. If you have no objection in advance to *having been* an ugly soul, lacking in the deeper harmonies of will and love and understanding, then no further punishment will be meted out to you. Sadistic or vengeful men may wish that you should be further punished, but God is not sadistic and he is not vengeful, and the attempt to combine such things with divine mercy should be treated with the scorn it deserves. You have the options: first, of despising yourself all your days, or, second, of avoiding this by achieving a sufficient degree of stupidity and illusion so that you do not know how contemptible you are, but also do not know what life at its best really is, or what the best lives around you are really like; or, finally, of living a life of loving insight into self and others. The heaven of a life rich in love and understanding, the hell of a life poor in these respects, between these you must choose, and you will not escape judgment. But God does not stamp on the bodies or the graves or the souls of those who have lived ill; nor does he insult those who found love its own reward with post mortem rewards so out of proportion to all the goods of this life that a reasonable man could think of nothing else if he really took them seriously.

But there is something else. That there are (in my opinion) no post-mortem rewards or punishments does not imply that there are no good or bad results to be anticipated from our lives after they have been terminated (terminated, not destroyed). It is natural to find inspiration in the thought that another will live more richly because I have lived; and in this thought one may find a reward for courageous and generous actions. But this reward is *now*, while I am performing the actions. I aim at a future result, namely good to another who survives my death, but this aiming is my *present* joy. In a sense, the future good to the other will be my reward, but it is one that I never shall enjoy save in anticipation. I shall not be there to share in the future joys I will have made possible. My participation must be now. Moses must enjoy the promised land through devoted imagination, or not at all. But this enjoyment through devoted imagination is not to be despised. The nobler the spirit the more such vicarious participation suffices. Moses did not especially mind not entering the promised land, so long as he could know it would be entered, and that this was his doing, or at least, that he had done his part toward it.

Let us take another analogy. There are many men and many women who cannot bear the thought that they are growing too old for the joys of young love. This is no doubt one motive which leads men to divorce their wives, middle-aged like themselves, and marry girls who might be their children. Thus they want to escape, or imagine they escape, growing old. They are in some cases deceived, I really think, by a metaphysical confusion. Seeing that young love is beautiful, they draw the conclusion that it is good that *they* should have it. The right conclusion is, it is good that young love should be had, by those best able to have it, presumably the young. Much of the art of life, I suggest, lies in being able to distinguish between "this possible beauty of life ought to be actualized," and "it ought to be actualized by and for me." The by and for me is irrelevant, in last analysis. There is a certain good in the life of A, means, there is that certain good. If, instead, the same good is in the life of B, then also there is that certain good. From the standpoint of God it must be the same. We are to love God unreservedly, and that is nonsense unless it means, we are to try to understand that that is good which is good in the eyes of God. Now the old man, or a young man, but not both, can occupy the central place in a young girl's life. As a rule it should be the young man. The old men who make exceptions for themselves either have very unusual reasons, or they imagine that a good is not good unless they enjoy it themselves. I honestly think there is an element of intellectual confusion here in many cases. They don't quite understand and take to heart the truth that the closing of their lives is not the closing of life, the ending of their youth the ending of youth, and that the heart of all good living consists in the service of life and good as life and as good, rather than as essentially

my life and *my* good. The devoted imagination can always win such reward as it needs from joys that only others are to possess directly.

I still have not explained my notion of the future good whose present envisagement is also a sufficient present reward. For the non-theist, the future good must, it seems, be a good for our human posterity. But our promotion of this is always more or less problematic. Perhaps we misjudge, or have poor luck. And also it is just not possible to live for posterity in every moment of life with every act and breath. How can I know what it will mean to posterity that I now listen to Mozart for an hour? Perhaps nothing of any significance. And this applies to much of my life. But it may mean something to God. For while God is already familiar with Mozart, he is not yet familiar with the experience *I* may now have of Mozart, which is bound to be a variation on the theme, human experiences of Mozart: how significant a variation depends on my alertness, sensitivity, and imagination. All of one's life can be a "reasonable, holy, and living sacrifice" to deity, a sacrifice whose value depends on the quality of the life, and this depends on the depth of the devotion to all good things, to all life's possibilities not as mine or as not mine, but as belonging to God's creatures and thus to God. A poor, thin, or discordant life, made so by lack of generous openness to others, to the beauty of the world and the divine harmony pervading all sad and seemingly insignificant things, is a poor gift to the divine valuer of all things.

Lequier said, we "make our fame before God." He also said: "God has made us makers of ourselves," and in making ourselves we in so far decide what God is to contemplate in us. One might say, we mould the picture which forever will hang in the divine mansion. God will make as much out of the picture in beholding it as can be made; but how much can be made depends upon the picture and not just upon the divine insight in seeing relations and meanings. The true immortality is everlasting fame before God.

It may be felt that the consolations of the old faith are lost in this doctrine. What, no chance to make amends for errors in this life! No chance to grow deeper in insight and devotion beyond the grave. No compensation for bad luck in one's earthly career! My suggestion is that these objections involve the confusion spoken of above, between my good and good, or my life and creaturely life in general. Others will make amends, will develop deeper insight and devotion, will be lucky where I was not. All good cannot be my good, for only God is heir to all good. Of course there should be higher modes of life than that we now achieve on earth. But if present day astronomy is right, there are hundreds of thousands of inhabitable planets, so who knows how many of them support wiser or more saintly creatures than the best of us human beings. And who knows what the future of the race or the universe may make possible. But that you or I must be there to say, this good is mine, seems to me exactly as unnecessary as that

it must be I who marries this delightful young girl. I honestly see no difference. Renunciation of the claim to put the stamp of myness on everything, *save as through devoted imagination I make it mine*, is the principle which either case seems to call for. Without this renunciation the argument is not on a level that deserves much consideration. With it, what is left of the argument?

It is said that while we should not demand personal survival for ourselves, it is all right to ask it for others. But how can this be? I do not demand that some other middle aged man have a young wife, any more than I demand that I should have. Similarly there is no essential difference between saying, I ought to have another chance to avoid my mistakes, or to grow wiser and nobler than I do in this life, and saying, my neighbour ought to have this chance. The essential question is whether the human personality, or any non-divine personality, is not, just in being non-divine, limited in a sense that is contradicted by the notion that there will always be another chapter to the book of life as lived by that individual.

The best argument for personal survival in the conventional sense is this: life is cumulative, and many potentialities are lost when a man dies, so that it is for life wasteful always to begin over again with a new individual as a human child. Yet children continue to be born! And the argument seems weak. Potentialities were lost when men ceased to write Shakespearian dramas; no art form is fully exhausted when abandoned for new forms. But the further variations would have been less significant than those actual; it is better to turn to a new art form than to exhaust possible variations on the old. Each of us is a theme with variations. No theme other than that of the divine nature can admit of an infinity of variations all significant enough to be worth making a place for in reality. Life is cumulative, but it is just as true that it is self-exhaustive. "In the prime of life" is no mere expression or false theory; it is truth. Those who deny it will, if they live long enough, only illustrate it with unnecessary obviousness. We must accept as our destiny the probability that one's personality will be less rather than more in the closing years of life, if one lives exceptionally long. Miraculous rejuvenations or resurrections might change matters, but if they are to keep us the same individuals, and yet to enable us to avoid the monotony of insignificant variations of the theme of our personality they cannot go on forever, so far as I can grasp the problem. And I see no reason why we should quarrel with this or think it unjust or sad. Nothing is sadder than living without zest, and to do so forever

On the other hand, if resurrection means the synthesis of one's life in God, the divine act of envisagement that keeps adding up the story of one's terrestrial existence, producing a total reality that is invisible to us on earth, which moth and rust cannot corrupt, and from which naught may ever be stolen, then in such resurrection

one may believe without falling into any confusion between my good and good, or between ourselves and deity, and without denying the fact that our life is a balance between cumulative and self-exhaustive tendencies. For the divine theme is the one theme which need not be self-exhaustive since it is an unrestricted theme, universally relevant, absolute in flexibility. We are individuated by our localization in the world, but God is individuated by containing the world in himself. Only he does that, and so long as he does it he is distinguished from all other individuals. Were he to exhaust his personality he would thereby prove that he never was the divine, the strictly cosmic individual; just as, if we were to become inexhaustible we would prove we never were less than divine or cosmic, never were other than God.

God acquires novelty by acquiring us as novel individuals. Our function is then to be novel, not to be persistent in the sense of ourselves enjoying ever additional novelties. Such persistence is fully supplied by the divine inexhaustibility. We, as themes, are essentially variations on *the* theme; there is no implication, apparent to me, that we should be more than variations, from the standpoint of all time, even of all future time, save in this sense that inasmuch as the divine awareness is concretely new each moment, God must reform his awareness of us forever, so that we function as a theme for endless variations in the use God makes of us as objects of his awareness to be synthesized with ever additional objects. But these endless variations are nothing we shall experience, save in principle and in advance through our devoted imagination, our love of God. Devoted imagination is the better alternative to unlimited claims for oneself or for such as we are. To live everlastingly, as God does, can hardly be our privilege; but we may earn an everlasting place as lives lived well within the one life that not only ever-more has been lived but ever more and inexhaustibly *will be* lived in ever new ways.

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Personality and Leadership

S. H. MELLONE, D.Sc.

AN English poet of a hundred years ago, who is now almost forgotten, once was thinking of the *separateness* of human beings from one another, and he felt as if they were like islands scattered abroad in the sea:

Yes: in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live alone.

Carrying his parable perhaps further than he realised, he said:
The islands feel the enclaspings flow,
And then their endless bounds they know:
For surely once, they feel, we were
Parts of a single continent.

Matthew Arnold was not a great poet; but these lines of his, though they express a poetic personification, are deeply suggestive. Whether we think of the "islands" as standing for individual personalities, or for national communities, their separateness is the primary and obvious fact; and yet, in the foundations of their existence, and in their origin, they are one.

Their separateness is in very deed primary and obvious, and at once raises the question of what human individuality means. Our individualities are separate in ways to which the "impenetrability of matter" bears only a faint analogy. Personality in us is individual as a centre of thought, feeling, will, which no other shares or can share. "I feel a pain in my brother's side" is a suggestive moral metaphor; but if understood as a scientific statement, it asserts an impossibility. And it is from that inner centre of self-hood that we become real causes in the world. In that sense, "the individual is the real." It is true that a crass individualism can be, and has been, built on that fact; but it does not cease to be a fact because some men have built mischievous delusions upon it. Even the ideal of human brotherhood, if it is to be more than a mere sentiment, can be realised only through the co-operation of persons, each of whom is a real cause in the world. Some men, even among those cherishing idealistic aims, have spoken as if the brotherhood of man is, or ought to be, something like an undifferentiated jelly, without even a mould to put it in. There can be no brotherhood save through an active, rational, and effective co-operation of persons.

The affirmation that we are real causes in the world has been, and is being, attacked from various directions. The traditional doctrine of Determinism, when made logically definite, simply denies that we are in any degree or in any respect independent

agents: "the man being what he is, and the circumstances being what they are, his action results as an effect, is given in the sum of its conditions." The reply that "we are conscious of freedom" is met by the assertion that "we are unconscious of compulsion." In the last resort, the theory of Determinism is either the logical consequence of a metaphysical doctrine otherwise arrived at, as in the case of Spinoza, or the very different case of the Dialectical Materialism of Lenin and Stalin; or else it is a mere arbitrary dogma.

Important work has been done in recent years, from the point of view of social psychology, on the analysis of the factors of human personality. Professor G. W. Allport, of Harvard, in his work entitled *Personality: A Psychological Interpretation*,* gives a comprehensive and impartial survey of the work to which I have referred. Human personality is rightly treated as presenting a problem *sui generis*. The writers, so far as I am aware, tend to concentrate on the effects of social factors. It is not to be denied that personality is partly formed by such influences as are broadly comprehended under the term "culture." Professor Allport observes that "our interest here is not in factors which partly shape personality, but in personality itself as a developing internal structure. Culture is relevant only when it has become internalised," in the form of various tendencies of thought and action. From the wider point of view of human history at large, it is usually assumed that when personalities are historically important it is because they give voice to more or less vague movements of thought and feeling in the minds of their fellow-men, or even of the age in which they live. But the voices are new, and they give new expressions to what other men are vaguely feeling.

If, then, "the individual is the real" in the sense defined above, what is the vital quality of human individuality which makes it possible for personal leaders to arise?

The clue to an answer to this question is to be found in the fact of *growth from within* as a further essential character of human personality. Apart from the plain fact that we grow in body and mind from infancy through childhood and adolescence to maturity, it is strangely easy to imagine that in normal personality mental growth, like bodily growth, slows down and at length ceases. This apparent cessation of mental growth has been appealed to in its bearing on belief in our survival of bodily death understood as endless. Thus, a friend of the present writer said that he found the thought appalling: "I, little I, to live a million years—and another million—and another! My little light to burn for ever!" This is a protest against the notion of mere endlessness without growth. The notion of existence without end, never getting quit of oneself, is a weariness and even a horror to many minds; and naturally so, for it drops out the vital element not only in the idea of a future

* New York, 1937; London 1939; Last Edition 1947.

life but in human personality as it is in this world. It is important to notice that the apparent cessation of mental growth—particularly in normal old age—is nothing but a doubtful inference from bodily conditions,—the gradual but inevitable failure of bodily strength, and the gradually increasing dullness of the bodily senses.

James Martineau, in one of his simple statements which have an extraordinary depth of meaning, gives what is, in effect, a definition of "growth." He uses it in special connection with questions arising out of the theory of biological evolution; but the idea is capable of a wider application. In every case of growth, in the proper meaning of the word, there is always the continual emergence of something new, an "increment of being" on what went before, not merely a repetition or an equivalent of it. This holds good throughout; but it becomes specially significant when new personal qualities emerge which (as Martineau expresses it) "have the character of absolute surprise" for which there was nothing in the past to prepare us. We are at once reminded of the sudden emergence of "genius" in a family or from an ancestry of people of ordinary capacities.

The centre of human personality is self-directed growth from within; and if it is really "from within" it is creative. This may seem a difficult saying; but to some extent we all recognise the fact. We speak of "creative imagination," and of "creative work" in art or in literature; but we do not often realise that a normal person's appreciation of some great work of art, or of some powerful constructive achievement of scientific discovery or invention, if it is real appreciation, even if faint and transient, is from the same power which created that work. It may be true that such acts of mental appreciation are not shared by all; but they are real, and they point to the deeper fact that the essential nature of human personality is in its creative functions, which are inexhaustible. It is worth notice that the divergent doctrines of what is called "Psycho-analysis," associated with the names of Freud, Jung, and Adler, have in common an assumption which approaches what I have stated above: personality is regarded as an "integration,"—a "making whole." The one-sidedness of these writers is due to their pre-occupation with mental troubles arising from disordered emotions and instincts. If we are Christians, that is, if under our human limitations we share the faith of Jesus Christ, we believe that there is something in man which is more than disordered "complexes," something capable of rising above the fear of pain, or loss, or even of death. We are to judge our human nature, not from below, but from above, not in the darkness of its lowest, but in the light of its highest.

Here, then, where we see forces at work which are wholly personal, the heart of the question about leadership arises. I am not referring to the "leadership" of a dictator rousing and using a passionate nationalism for the purposes of his own power. I refer

to the real leadership which comes to pass when a group follows an individual from free choice and on more or less rational grounds,—from a feeling for the personality of the leader and for his appeal to their hopes, their interests, their needs. Here, too, the wide range of Martineau's observation is seen, suggesting as it does the difference between the work of a creative leader and the work of a representative leader. Bald definitions seem so inadequate in face of great realities; but we need the definitions.

The creative leader is a personality powerful enough to create new ideals, and to inspire in his followers such faith in those ideals, incarnate in his personality, that they feel a moral obligation to follow him. Some sociologists have regarded this as a "crucial test." That may be so; but if we are to speak of "crucial tests" at all, there is one that goes deeper. Far from following him, men may think that they have destroyed him and his work, as in outward appearance they may seem to have done, so that the world appears to go on as before. But he has changed the deeper movement of events and turned it in a direction that is new. To justify this from history would take us far afield; but we may briefly appeal to Hebrew and Christian history. The greater Hebrew prophets, from the eighth century, did change the deeper direction of the Hebrew faith, destroying the last vestiges of the old Canaanite heathendom, and so, though they did not know it, they prepared the way for the work of the supreme figure in human history.

The ancient question, "What think ye of Christ?" is always new, and never more searching than it is today. When I turn the pages of the New Testament, I seem to see a question buried under the accumulation of scholarly works about the origin and literary history of the Gospels. What is the reason why all these things came to be believed about Jesus? Why did the author of the Fourth Gospel take the leading idea in the higher religious thought of the time, and make a use of it which was alien to Greek thought and inconceivable to Jewish thought? Such questions have to be answered either in terms of a traditional Christological dogma, or in terms of human personality with its inexhaustible powers—exhausted all too soon on us in this world, but in themselves expanding, beyond us but in our own line, until they find their home in God. The deepest note in the teaching of Jesus is sounded in the words, "My Father who is in Heaven," and in the words attributed to him as a resurrection-saying, "I am ascending to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God." What then of the teaching? It is no longer to be read as a collection of moral and religious addresses, of sayings four-fifths of which are found in the Rabbinical literature of the time. It is to be read as from a Person—a Person of profound spiritual power and daring originality, who from beginning to end made first things first, and gave to those first things a vitality and force which they never had before. In the work of Jesus we see and feel the essence of creative personality

at its highest. What had been distinctive of the religion of Jesus himself became by his death an inspiration in his followers, so that their religion was no longer centred on an idea but was centred on a Person. Judaism, as a religion, was worked out in terms of an idea—the whole ceremonial, religious, and ethical content of the Books of Moses read in the light of venerable traditions: Christianity was worked out in terms of a Person. "There" it has been said, "lies the deepest root of the fundamental difference between Christianity and Judaism: a difference which nothing can ever obliterate."

The leadership which I have called "representative" arises in relation to a group (I use this term in the wide sense associated with the word "community"). Individual persons working together for common purposes may and often do actually create a common spirit approaching and often becoming a group-mind, which is more than the collection of their individual minds. This is no mere metaphor. One of the most significant facts in the modern world is the working of the group-spirit in ways the variety and extent of which have never before been seen in human history, and not always for good. We have seen a man, socially of humble origin, but a personality of power, able to bring out all that was evil in the soul of a great people. An incarnation of evil, on such a scale, an outbreak on such a scale of the political disease called "nationalism," is unique in human history. But we see that political disease raging in the modern world, in communities of all types, many of them at an elementary level of intellectual and cultural growth. It is the group spirit or group-mind in a pathological condition.

In human history, as in human experience, we must look beyond the pathological to the normal in order to see what representative leadership means. Tradition has sometimes enveloped in myth and legend the figure of such a leader firmly believed to have worked for the welfare of his fellow-men, as in the labours of Hercules, or the victorious statesmanship of Solomon. His personality may even become a symbol, as when nearly all the religious poetry of the Hebrews was attributed to David, and nearly all their literary wisdom to Solomon. In every case, legendary or historical, a leader became representative when he roused a group-spirit and gave it an expression which made it stronger and more self-conscious.

No one can prophesy; but I cannot doubt that the age is past when we may look for leaders with power to change the deeper direction of events. Leadership is passing from individuals to groups. And among all such groups at the present time we should do all that we can to strengthen those voluntary associations for promoting human welfare which can deal with people as people, as men and women, and not as collectivised units or figures in a statistical summary. Among such voluntary associations the

Churches ought to exert a supremely effective influence. I do not attempt here to estimate the astounding impotence of the great Churches in the world today; I speak of a group of Churches which are in a small minority in Christendom, but which may justly claim a noble ancestry. Past leaders have lived and laboured and gone. Their work survives; but we are sometimes oppressed with a feeling of frustration and even of apparent failure. All that has been done seems so little in the face of what needs to be done.

I turn again to the New Testament. The man to whom we owe the "Epistle to the Hebrews," at the end of his great chapter about Faith, shows that he understood that feeling; and what he said about it is almost startling in its universal meaning. He had been recalling, like a spiritual "roll of honour," some of those whose names meant much to a faithful Jew. Of these, he said, "They all won their record for faith, but the Promise they did not obtain." The fruition of their labours and sufferings they did not see. Why not? The writer answers, "Because God had something better in store for us: he would not have them perfected apart from us."

As it was in past ages, so it is now. We have had our leaders, and it is our God-given task to bring to pass the meaning of their ideals, a meaning sometimes deeper than they had perceived. How "God-given"? And how even possible? We appeal to the God-given nature of humanity, and we may answer, in the words of James Martineau: "The higher life of man is 'of one substance' with God's own righteousness: and of this truth Christ became a revealer, not by being an exceptional personage (who could be a rule for nothing), but by being a signal instance of it so intense and impressive as to set fire to every veil that would longer hide it." This is no visionary dream, blind to man's alienation from God. It saves us from that revived and revised Calvinism offering a "faith" which feeds on vilification of human nature. It means that neither in this world nor in any other will men be able to destroy the roots of their own being and so defeat the purpose of God in creating them.

And yet even in the dark dogma of an abandoned world there is a vestige of truth. It is a delusion to imagine that progress, even of what we value most in our civilisation, is a necessity under some kind of "law." This doctrine, so popular during most of the nineteenth century, has no foundation either in cosmic or in human nature. It is inconsistent with the very idea of a world of moral beings who are "real causes," and whose destiny is in certain vital ways committed to their own care. God's message to man has always been "Work out your own salvation," even when assuring him in the same breath of divine help in doing so; and the apostolic addition "With fear and trembling," translated into modern terms, needs no enforcement to a generation which has seen the wreck of European civilisation brought very near to them.

Graham Greene and the Liberal View of Man

K. C. TREACHER

THE liberal view of man is essentially optimistic. It claims that the existence of man as a moral and reflective entity bears a religious significance opposed to the doctrine of the Fall. If we look carefully, man is a telescope assisting us to a glimpse of spiritual reality in the external world and in the depth of personality. At one time liberals used to quote the confident lines of Whittier:

“And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.”

The optimism is now shaken. Once seemingly possessed of a doctrine of man corresponding to the experience of ordinary people in an expanding and progressing society, liberalism now seems to be adrift from this experience, wandering with no ordered doctrine. Grudging assent is given to criticisms of liberalism by men like Niebuhr who seem to allow for both the greatness and the weakness in the human make-up. Significantly and understandably it is Karl Barth who has received the full blast of the liberal protest in recent years. Significantly, because in demolishing Barth's anthropology (as they must), they can both make their presence felt, and play for time while searching for a doctrine of man which will be dynamic and meaningful in the present situation. Understandably, because they rightly perceive in Barth's pessimism a false and enervating influence in this violent and bewildered age. Mr. Greene is no Barthian but he ranks amongst the pessimists. He approaches man with the acute understanding of an artist's intuition, not by way of a body of doctrine. His treatment of people and their predicament in life constitutes a challenge to liberalism.

Mr. Greene is one of England's most powerful contemporary novelists. Walter Allen, a discerning critic, writes: “Greene is now about forty. He is already the finest novelist of his generation . . . one cannot help but believe that the years to come will show him to be not only the leading novelist of a generation, but also one of the great English novelists.”

Graham Greene is a Roman Catholic, a convert, who grapples with some of the greatest problems facing men on this earth, stating them within a pattern of Catholic symbolism applied to the experiences of ordinary life, and handling them with great resources of technique. But one is never quite sure. One is always tempted to read into his words a significance which may well not be intended. Within the bored assistant at a sea-side milk-bar, whose white coat is stained with hamburger and milk-shake, may lurk forces of

Augustinian proportions. Theology and razor-slashing gangs are not incongruously mixed.

His essays, collected under the title of *The Lost Childhood*, and also many of his short stories, give the impression of a writer bored to the extreme with life. Everything is just a little too much. May not his pessimistic view of man be just the outcome of his own character, part of the boredom, the endless pointless round of telephone calls and dinners, sentence making and character creating? However, influences were at work upon him early: not the least of these was Marjorie Bowen's novel *The Viper of Milan*. "I think it was Miss Bowen's apparent zest that made me want to write. One could not read her without believing that to write was to live and enjoy and before one had discovered one's mistake it was too late—the first book one does enjoy."

The influence of this book lasted and was confirmed by the subsequent pressure of life: "Human nature is not black and white but black and grey. I read all that in *The Viper of Milan* and I looked round and saw it was so." Later he comments upon this in the following manner: "Anyway she had given me my pattern—religion might explain it to me in other terms, but the pattern was already there—perfect evil walking the world where perfect good can never walk again, and only the pendulum ensures that after all in the end justice is done." All this is very gloomy and in parts very doubtful also. It is very questionable whether the idea of justice executed by virtue of the swing of fate's pendulum can be fitted into a religious pattern explaining the predicament of man in the world. A religious position requires purpose and choice, not just an automatic yielding to fate's demands. But, be that as it may neither the Bible nor the Church Fathers formulated Mr. Greene's pattern. The later influence of Augustine only confirmed that of Miss Bowen. Evil as an objective fact in the world forced itself into the process of a dissolving and lost childhood. All Mr. Greene's characters come to terms with evil in some way: in this he appears more in touch with ordinary experience than the liberal.

For Mr. Greene, evil has lodged its disintegrating forces irrevocably into the very fibres of man's being. Its acid eats away a primary core of innocence. Perfect good can never walk again. The most primeval and intimate relations between people never escape contamination, whether they be the brother of Conrad Drover, the Communist bus-driver sentenced to death for killing a policeman during a political riot, who sleeps with the condemned man's wife in *Its A Battlefield*, or the shabby whisky-filled priest in the remarkable novel *The Power and The Glory*. One begins to doubt whether his characters can actually smile and laugh and have fun! Love itself, so often regarded as a healthy and integrating influence, casting out fear and loneliness, for Mr. Greene is but the final frustration. The sense of utter futility felt by Conrad Drover's wife and brother at the very height of their passion is

found in all Greene's love relationships. His short story *A Drive in The Country* (1937) is devoted to this same theme. Two people are involved in a suicide pact because they cannot face life's sordidness and frustration. They have not the material means to realise what their love requires of them. The girl however does not realise the full meaning of the agreement and begins to panic when her lover's intentions remain firm. She runs away at the sound of the shot sending the bullet into the man's brain. She has escaped, but only into despair. She has responded to the will to live, but only within the bounds of the memory of that night of death can that will survive. She returns home, to a crushing atmosphere in which she is unable to fulfil to the full either the powers of her womanhood or her rights as an individual. Perfect love casts out fear, but because perfect good can never walk again, fear for ever abides. Fear will always prevent love from bridging the sense of meaninglessness in life because it will retain within men the experience of constant frustration. This is poignantly recorded in a little story called *The Innocent* (1937). The narrator goes back to the little village of his childhood days. He is now a successful business man with a hanger-on called Loler. Leaving her at the pub where they are staying, he re-visits his old dancing school and his mind goes back to a little friend he once had and how they used to leave love letters in a tree for each other to find. The final letter he failed to pick up and on going to the tree he is amazed to discover it still there after so many years. He then reflects:

"She was a year older than I was: she must have been on the point of eight. I loved her with an intensity I have never felt since, I believe, for anyone. At least I have never made the mistake of laughing at children's love. It has a terrible inevitability of separation because there can be no satisfaction."

This terrible separation and lack of satisfaction permeates all Graham Greene's writing. The relationship between people alone can never be enough. The liberal view that man only had to love his fellow man and act ethically towards him is rejected. Man's relationships are not primarily ethical, but are formed upon a basis of attraction, an attraction, moreover, which need bear no marks of goodness. Indeed one of the most moving relationships recorded by Mr. Greene is the strange bond between Hale and Ida in *Brighton Rock*, based entirely upon fear and a vague sense of friendship in a world balanced between the hunter and the hunted, an attempt to break through loneliness by having a good time before fate eventually catches up. *Brighton Rock* is indeed a powerful work, illustrating to the full Mr. Greene's "pattern."

The narrative of *Brighton Rock* moves with the smoothness of a film through a projector. Hale, a waster and a crook, is murdered by a boy gangster, Pinkie. Ida, good natured, large, lover of oysters and Guinness, one who likes to see fair play and justice, suspects him and tracks him down. Rose, a pathetic and lovable Roman

Catholic who voluntarily accepts mortal sin to save him, loves him: she fails. Behind the simple tale lie the very elements of the conflict between the good and the just; the elements of love, destruction and salvation. The theme moves against a background of pre-war Brighton and Peacehaven, a setting of boozy good times, clouded by murder and clashes between rival gangs.

The characters are vividly drawn, especially some of the minor ones, and their point of connection is the hunter and the hunted. Both the main characters are significantly introduced at the same time and are linked by Hale, a pathetic figure ("he knew they meant to kill him"). Yet, pathetic though he is, he possesses an element of dignity, a determination to show that he is not afraid, and finds himself drawn to Ida's friendly and popular heart. Pinkie slips into the picture, a face of staring intensity with "eyes which have never been young" reflecting "the annihilating eternity." Deliberately choosing evil, he is the personification of a sinister element ever-present in the universe; Ida, on the other hand, is the personification of justice. Hers is the easy-going goodness, of a woman who "kept her lines for those who care for lines," a blown charm: "... in the dark depth of her Guinness kindness winked up at her, a bit sly, a bit earthy, having a good time." For all her good nature there is something repulsive about her. She is like a husky vulgar voice singing from a patch of beach smelling of fish and chips and beer mingled with flies, spoiling a summer's day. In Graham Greene's pattern, Pinkie is the black and Ida the grey. Rose is a poor thing, caught up in the web of her love for Pinkie, battered by a conflict far out of her reach. Occasionally a faint glimpse of affection (it cannot be called love) wells up in the boy, but he swiftly rejects it, the vitriol bottle in his pocket always ready to his hand: he never forgets that he married her to prevent her giving evidence against him in the Hale case. Greene often uses animal similes to great effect; introducing Rose he says "... she emerged like a mole into the daylight of Snow's restaurant." She is his opposite. "She was good, he'd discovered that, and he was damned: they were made for each other." She is the personification of redemptive love and superbly Greene brings out the contrast between the two. "The eyes which had never been young stared with grey contempt into the eyes which had only just begun to learn a thing or two." All that deliberately rejects good is summed up there.

The narrative relates the conflict between good and evil on the one hand, and right and wrong on the other. In the end the pendulum ensures that justice is done. From a human point of view, it is unsatisfactory to think of Rose, at the completion of the story, at the mercy of Ida's certain and noisy good nature. A hearty flame, itself neither harmful or bad, blowing out a delicate candle light of beauty because it is too mighty a force. Justice and not happiness triumphs. Mr. Howard Spring, reviewing the book in *The Evening Standard* regarded the conflict as a false one, because

he did not see there any differences between good and evil and right and wrong. But surely Mr. Greene makes the difference plain? The story shows that the right and sense of justice of Ida had a victory over the wrong of Pinkie, but that the good and love of Rose was frustrated by this conflict and had no chance to overcome the evil in the boy. The pendulum ensures that justice, not love, is done. The boy is destroyed, not redeemed. When Pinkie falls over the cliff at Black Rock, Rose's love falls over with him and once again frustration defeats the love of one of Mr. Greene's characters. Perfect good can never walk again.

The book suggests that the triumph of the ethical is not enough; man not only has the capacity for something more, but also exists in a world offering more for his ultimate fulfilment. Man is in fact more than a moral being, more also than a rational being, although his rational attainments may well be the mark of his final greatness. There can be no doubt however that there is in man an element both of irrationalism and of non-rationalism, of unconsciousness, of nostalgia, of what D. H. Lawrence might have termed "blood," an element expressible not only through ethics but through love, not only through conceptual thought on the intellectual level but also through symbolic expression, ceremonies and tabus, myths and legends. The appeal of the myth lies in the fact that it expresses a truth or experience which men recognise but cannot frame in the form of an intellectual conception. It lies behind the Roman Catholic Mass and the appeal of the mandalas of the Orient. The content of the unconscious is not that which once was conscious but includes matter peculiar to itself, which, slowly growing upward from the depths, force an outlet for itself. This is not in any way to deprecate the integrity of reason; but it is to say that man does not live by reason alone. It means that liberals are presented with certain problems which they have not seriously tackled, that there are fields of man's nature which liberals have failed, and continue to fail, to satisfy. Concentrating unduly on the need for intellectual grasp, they are out of touch with the inner domain of loneliness and fear, of anxiety and a sense of meaninglessness. Graham Greene knows this inner domain: "But 'Spicer,' the Boy's thoughts came inevitably back with a sense of relief. 'They've got Spicer.' It was impossible to repent of something which made him safe. The nosy woman hadn't got a witness now, except for Rose, and he could deal with Rose; and then when he was thoroughly secure, he could begin to think of making peace, of going home, and his heart weakened with a faint nostalgia for the tiny dark confessional box, the priest's voice, and the people waiting under the statue before the bright lights burning down in pink glasses, to be made safe from eternal pain. Eternal pain had not meant much to him; now it meant the clash of razor blades infinitely prolonged." To a greater or lesser degree, everybody exists under a sense of eternal pain infinitely prolonged and more than a humanitarian friendliness is needed to meet it

The funeral of Hale takes place in a "bare cold secular chapel which could be adapted quietly and conveniently to any creed." With great clarity Mr. Greene sums up his difference from the functional and utilitarian ceremony of the average liberal: "Our belief in heaven," the clergyman went on, "is not qualified by our disbelief in the old medieval hell. We believe," he said, glancing swiftly along the smooth polished slipway towards the New Art doors through which the coffin would be launched into the flames. 'We believe that this our brother is already at one with the One.' He stamped his words, like little pats of butter, with his personal mark. 'He has attained unity. We do not know what that One is with whom (or with which) he is now one. We do not retain the old medieval beliefs in glassy and golden crowns. Truth is beauty and there is more beauty for us, a truth-loving generation, in the certainty that our brother is at this moment reabsorbed in the universal spirit.' He touched a little buzzer, the New Art doors opened, the flames flapped, and the coffin slid smoothly down the fiery sea. The doors closed, the nurse rose and made for the door, the clergyman smiled gently from behind the slipway, like a conjurer who has produced his nine hundred and fortieth rabbit without a hitch.

'It was all over. Ida squeezed out with difficulty a last tear into a handkerchief scented with Californian Poppy. She liked a funeral—but it was with horror—as people like a ghost story. Death shocked her, life was so important. She wasn't religious. She didn't believe in heaven or hell, only in ghosts, ouija tables that rapped and in little voices speaking plaintively of flowers. Let Papists treat death with flippancy: life wasn't so important perhaps to them as what came after; but to her death was the end of everything. At one with the One, it didn't mean a thing beside a glass of Guinness on a sunny day. She believed in ghosts, but you couldn't call that thin transparent existence life eternal: the squeak of a board, a piece of ectoplasm in a glass cupboard at the psychical research headquarters, a voice she heard once at a seance saying: 'Everything is very beautiful in the upperplane. There are flowers everywhere'."

We suspect that Graham Greene has completely failed to grasp the beauty and significance lying behind the simple service of, say, many Unitarian gatherings. In teaching a theistic monism, Unitarianism is far more in line with new insights and new understanding than he would care to acknowledge. Granting this, it must be admitted that so often the superficial atmosphere he records does in fact exist. More important still, there is the fact that a theistic monism has been very much an intellectual doctrine and has not meant, and still does not mean, anything in the world of Ida. Because Mr. Greene and his fellow Catholics have translated their teaching into Ida's ghost world they have given men a pattern wherein their non-rational element may break out of isolation. God the Father Almighty is no "principle of unity," but could well

be expressed in the picture of a bar-tender momentarily repentant under the influence of the aromatics of incense, going along and whispering his confidences in the secret of the confessional.

Only in a recent work has Mr. Greene allowed of the possibility of salvation in the sinful and ghost world of man. In his novel *The Power and the Glory* we are again presented with the hunter and the hunted. This time the hunter is a police lieutenant in a socialist totalitarian Mexican state, and the hunted is a "whisky" priest, a man with a child of his own, a coward, who yet remains behind with his people when the rest of the church has been persecuted out of effective existence. He alone in his area exercises his vocation. He is hidden and protected by the Indians, and they also give him the brandy without which he cannot exist. Much of the background to the story was obtained during Mr. Greene's visit to Mexico, recorded in an excellent book called *The Lawless Roads*, and the priest is partly based upon a genuine character. The importance of the story is not simply that it is a tale of the conflict of the Roman Catholic Church against Mexican secularism, but that it possesses a universal meaning: the necessity of man to remain loyal to his faith despite the evil in him, and the paradox that a touch of salvation may exist parallel with the evil from which one required to be saved. Salvation does not mean progress, but rather paradox. Until the end, the priest remains condemned to whisky and brandy and even on the day of his execution he was "crouched on the floor with the empty brandy-flask in his hand trying to remember an Act of Contrition." For all a person's faults, sacrifice for faith is perhaps the greatest sacrifice. Sacrifice may well become salvation. But just as we are happy to observe this new note of hope, this brighter grey, frustration returns again: "He felt only an immense disappointment because he had to go to God empty handed, with nothing done at all. It seemed to him, at that moment, that it would have been quite easy to have been a saint. It would only have needed a little self-restraint and a little courage. He felt like someone who has missed happiness by seconds at an appointed place. He knew now that at the end there was only one thing that counted—to be a saint." It is a great realisation, and it is a pity that a firing-squad have to cut the knowing heart, with here and there a stray bullet hitting an empty brandy-flask.

Mr. Greene, dealing with the sin in man, has read and understood Augustine. There is a phrase in an essay by Edward Sackville West¹ requiring note: "People would have us regard sin and wickedness as remediable aberrations from the norm, which is (so they say) 'ordinary decent human feeling.' To Catholics it must, on the contrary, seem that, divorced from supernatural sanctions, as it so largely is in the modern world, 'ordinary decent human feeling' shows itself remarkably helpless against the forces in which it professes to disbelieve."

¹ The Electric Hare: Some Aspects of Graham Greene. *The Month*, Sept. 1951.

It is with these forces against decent human feeling that Mr. Greene deals; his short story *The Lottery Ticket* (1939) illustrates the very point made in the essay. It is because Mr. Greene is concerned with the force of good and evil working out their conflict through man that he is not merely a political writer, although his work betrays a keen political awareness. His attack upon ordinary human feeling goes to the heart of liberalism. Liberals may be right to hold that Augustine did not say the last word about man, and to insist that the Catholic pattern is not the best mode of realising man's finest promise; but they might well read Mr. Greene in order to rediscover truths which have been lost in the optimism born of new advances in past years. Mr. Greene's knowledge of man is perfectly right. The pity is that he has to work out his conflicts and plots and dramas within a Catholic *Weltanschauung*. Prefacing *The Lawless Roads* is a significant quotation: from Cardinal Newman: "If there is a God, since there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity." He read all that in *The Viper of Milan* and looked round and felt that it was so. The pity of it is that Mr. Greene has had to make his way from Milan to Rome. He has perceived the tragic in the human drama, but has failed to penetrate to the epic significance of human life. It may well be that he has fallen a victim of personal frustration, born a creative artist in a world such as ours. But the fact that he has found no release from his complaint in the cultural background and atmosphere of contemporary liberalism must surely urge liberals to a careful examination of the reasons.

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The Future of Protestantism

DUNCAN P. STEWART, M.A., B.D.

The Protestant Era by Paul Tillich,* translated and edited by James Luther Adams, with an introduction by R. H. Daubney. Pp. 295 —xlv. Nisbet, 21/-.

THE title of this book, as its author admits, is misleading. It is not, as might be supposed, a history of the last five hundred years dealing with the religious, social and cultural activities of Protestantism but "an interpretation of Protestantism, its dangers and its promises, its failures and its creative possibilities." (p. xxvii). That has been the preoccupation of Professor Tillich throughout his

* *The Protestant Era* was first published in 1948 by the University of Chicago Press. This American edition contained a concluding essay (43 pp.) by James Luther Adams entitled "Tillich's Concept of the Protestant Era." We much regret that this valuable exposition was omitted in the English edition.—ED.

adult life, and this collection of essays, representative of his thought over the past thirty years yet bound into a unity by "the continuity of the main line of thought and the permanence of the basic principles," enables us to see the questions he has been driven to ask and the answers he has been moved to give. His upbringing as the son of a Lutheran pastor ensures sympathy towards his subject, while his academic career, in Germany and (after the rise to power of the Hitler Party compelled him to become a political refugee) in America, guarantees his ability to look objectively at Protestantism.

He is concerned at the parlous state in which he finds it, and more than once wonders whether we are about to see the end of Protestantism, as we have known it. Its present plight is due to its irrelevance to the contemporary world. The most conspicuous feature of that world is the rise of the masses to political and economic power. They have many old scores to settle and are not likely to forget that Lutheranism had State backing from the first and so was politically conservative, and that Calvinism was the religion of the commercial and industrial classes, the natural enemies of the masses. Partly, then, because of their previously underprivileged position, and partly because they are the masses, they do not want argument but symbols, called out of the vasty deep of the unconscious, which they can uncritically accept and as uncritically die for. Yet the gown of the Protestant minister is the professor's gown of the middle ages and symptomatic of the intellectualism of Protestantism. At first sight, liberal Protestantism seems in a stronger position than other forms of Protestantism, because its insistence upon the scientific principle has a kinship with the language of the proletariat of a technological age. Yet the number sufficiently interested to note this similarity is so small as to be negligible. And even if it were larger, liberal Protestantism would be in no better position; even more than orthodox Protestantism, it thinks of personality in terms of conscious acts and deliberate choices of the individual. Such a conception is offensive to collectivism in all its forms and abhorrent to a younger generation which refuses to choose because its members "do not want to decide things for themselves; they do not want to decide about their political beliefs, about their religion and morals." (p. 226).

Why has Protestantism come to this pass? Before answering that question, we must recall a distinction which is fundamental to Tillich's thinking—the distinction between the Protestant principle and Protestantism. The two things are not the same, for, whereas Protestantism is an historical phenomenon of only five hundred years standing, the Protestant principle runs back over the ages until it finds its source in the person of Jesus Christ; anticipations of it are to be found even earlier in the prophets of the Old Testament. Protestantism arose because of the Protestant principle, but that principle has not exhausted itself in Protestantism and can

inspire fresh movements, within or without Protestantism, in the future. This Protestant principle is defined as "the power of criticising and transforming" any historical example of Christianity which is defective according to its standards (p. xxxvii). What criteria does it use? One is the ability to recognise a "kairos" when it comes. A "kairos" is any point in history "in which the Eternal breaks into the temporal and the temporal is ready to receive it." (p. xxxiv). Such an occasion was the uprising of the masses in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, in protest against their distorted existence, an uprising which Tillich does not hesitate to regard as essentially religious with affinities to "Jewish prophetism." Generally speaking, Protestantism did not and does not recognise this as a "kairos" and has, therefore, passed under the judgment of the Protestant principle. Liberal Protestantism has come under this judgment for another reason. It has ignored another criterion—the reality of the demonic. Evil is something much more than the sum total of the wrongdoing of individual wills. It is a principle of terrifying power in the very structure of life. Sooner or later, events are bound to demonstrate this fact and, when they do, they shatter all theories of inevitable progress, however that word is understood. For the rest, Protestantism is where it is because it has been either too rigid or too purblind to learn from the psychologists how vast are the irrational areas of personality and so unable to halt its attack upon symbols—"words, acts, persons, things"—for which human nature craves.

Acceptance of the present situation, then, is the first step towards recovering the ground Protestantism has lost. This means it must check and then reverse its anti-sacramental tendency. It is not enough to talk about "the sacrament of the Word"; the phrase must be analysed and its implications faced. The Word—the Divine element—is conveyed through the material, through eye, ear, or voice. This physical part of personality is a part of nature and if it can be the vehicle of the holy so can any other natural object, such as bread or water. Further, effective preaching depends not simply upon sound argument but also upon the use of words full of emotional content and deriving their force from immemorial use. Why stop short at words? Things can and should be used, provided always that the user knows what he is doing and that the things selected are never thought of as more than the bearers of the holy. The Divine shines through them but it does not, as it were, impregnate them. When this is the relationship, you have "theonomy"—another of the criteria by which the Protestant principle judges. It is at once obvious why humanism stands condemned; it is confessedly "autonomous." Neither the world nor man implies any other ground of being than world or man. Whatever luminous quality is possessed by either is self-generated and not light diffused within it from outside. Humanism is condemned not because it violates the frontier between sacred and

profane and makes all life profane but simple because it truncates life. Not only does it not face the problem of evil; it fails to discern the fundamental pattern lying deeper than the entrenched principle of Evil—"the Gestalt of grace," the unmerited, redeeming love of God. Hence it is the duty and the privilege of a Protestantism which not merely sympathizes with the social revolution of our times but actually sees God working through it rather than through the churches to insist that this social revolution is not enough and to challenge it with more ultimate questions. "Under this 'silent' influence of Protestantism on the culture to which it belongs, secular thinking is driven to the question of its own foundation and meaning . . . and secular action . . . to the question of its ultimate purpose and fulfilment."

The thought of the book is not always easy to grasp and, when it has been apprehended, it does not always command assent. The English reader, for instance, will feel that Tillich represents "the proletarian situation" too exclusively in terms of the continental situation and that he is unjust in suggesting that the idealism of the Wilberforces and the Shaftesburys, the Fieldens and the Rathbones, is simply the outcome of their affluence.¹ He will wonder, too, whether he does not belong to a nation of spendthrifts rather than, as he had supposed, to a nation of shopkeepers for, if the masses are as inherently and inevitably incapable of rational thinking as the book suggests, the 1944 Education Act is a wicked waste of public money. He may, indeed, feel that Farmer² has uttered a wiser word against the undesirability of exploiting the suggestible side of man and that it were better for Protestantism to go out than to survive on such terms. But, if it is destined to survive, then he will agree that the function of its churches could not be better described than "to penetrate into the depths of what happens day by day, in labour and industry, in marriage and friendship, in social relations and recreation, in meditation and tranquility . . ." ³ There, at least, a notable utterance of Martin Luther⁴ receives fresh and apposite presentation.

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1 cf. p. 244. 2 *The Servant of the Word*, pp. 54, 74. 3 *The Protestant Era*, p. 219.

4 "It looks like a great thing when a monk renounces everything and goes into a cloister, carries on a life of asceticism, fasts, watches, prays . . . On the other hand, it looks like a small thing when a maid cooks and cleans and does other housework. But because God's command is there, even such a small work must be praised as a service of God far surpassing the holiness and asceticism of all monks and nuns. For here there is no command of God. But there God's command is fulfilled, that one should honour father and mother and help in the care of the house." Cited A. C. McGiffert in *Protestant Thought before Kant*, p. 34.

Editorial Miscellany

A CONTROVERSY CONCLUDED

To bring the controversy, Dr. Julian Huxley and Dr. J. R. Baker *versus* Dr. Rattray to a conclusion, in all fairness, it seems desirable to refer to two points in Dr. Rattray's last reply (pp. 81-2 of the previous issue). The first is a matter of fact. I am assured by Dr. Baker that Dr. Huxley did see Dr. Rattray's review article before he wrote to deny that he supported the view that acquired characteristics are inherited. Secondly, the crux of the matter in dispute is the sense of Dr. Rattray's words in the first paragraph on page 48 of the last Autumn number. Dr. Rattray holds that they do not infer that Dr. Huxley (and certain others) believe in the inheritance of acquired characteristics; whereas Dr. Huxley and Dr. Baker claim that they do. The reader can judge this for himself, if he has not already done so.

The wider question at issue between the two schools of thought will be settled only in the future, not by quoting authorities, and certainly not by editorial intervention. But to a layman in such matters it seems that a reconciliation of the conflict is not at all impossible. May it not be that the biologist may be right in contending that he can find no evidence whatever in the biological sphere for the inheritance of acquired characteristics, while, at the same time, certain acquired characteristics have, in fact, become part of the inheritance? How the evolution of the human mind, through the development of the prefrontal lobes of the brain, giving ideation, sense of time and values, and self-consciousness, could otherwise have come about seems quite inconceivable. May not the Biologist be looking at too limited a field to find any evidence for purpose in evolution? Yet who can doubt that there is purpose?

As one who studied under Lloyd Morgan I cannot but believe that a way will appear of reconciling the *non possumus* of the orthodox Darwinian with the *eureka* of the heretical Lamarckian. This expectation is not so far-fetched as might be supposed. Professor Hardy who, be it remembered, was the original, though unwitting, cause of the foregoing controversy, explicitly pointed such a way in his early contribution to *Faith and Freedom: The Faith of a Scientist* (Vol. II, Part 2, page 62). The crucial passages are well worth quoting again: "There is another more modern branch of biology which deals with animals and plants in nature, their inter-relationships and their behaviour in relation to their surroundings. This is Ecology; . . . We may yet see Ecology throwing much new light on the process of evolution. The variations which are best suited to the habits of the animal may tend to survive in preference to those which do not give such full scope to the animal's

pattern of behaviour. This is the conception of organic selection of Baldwin and Lloyd Morgan which produces an effect similar to Lamarck's but on Darwinian lines. The selection of variations by the organism itself, as opposed to the selection of other variations by its environment may well be a factor to be reckoned with. The relative importance of the two forms of selection will only be disclosed by much more research into the habits of animals in nature."

There the case must rest with an open verdict; certainly not proven, but surely one of exciting promise.

*DR. RATTRAY'S NOTABLE CHRONICLE OF SHAW*¹

For many years there has been no more devoted champion of Shaw in his refutation of Darwinian Selection than Dr. Rattray. But with the publication, in 1934, of his first chronicle of Shaw, there became evident a deeper and more personal attachment to Shaw the man. Now, with this second and fuller chronicle which completes the life story, the strength of Dr. Rattray's devotion is manifest. The greatness of Bernard Shaw is made real to us in a far more effective way than any eulogy could have done. The story, linked at every stage by carefully stored detail and by discriminating comment on life and works, is all the more powerful because of the restraint shown by the biographer. Whatever future generations may think about this remarkable man, a far truer assessment than has been forthcoming from the majority of his contemporaries is ensured by Dr. Rattray's loving labour. And that is surely the greatest satisfaction that Dr. Rattray could wish to have, besides which any praise of ours would be presumptuous.

*ETHICS, THE SUCCOUR OF DEMORALISING RELIGION*²

Professor H. D. Lewis is a critical thinker of considerable power and a most stimulating writer. His point of view and sense for the real and the true seems so near to what we hold in this Journal that, in ignorance of his religious affiliation, we judge him to be a man of liberal religion, if not a Unitarian without knowing it!

That his latest book is made up of papers and addresses published during the past four years detracts nothing from its real unity. He is clearly opposed to any doctrine of special revelation and to all forms of religious dogmatism. He is sceptical about the primacy of personal conversion in religion. He believes that the right religious attitude is no guarantee of unanimity on practical issues. He holds that obligations may vary with circumstances yet that there are genuine ethical principles which call for one course of action in a given situation and that our fallibility in conscientious judgment does not affect the truth itself. "Good men are always at one in the loyalty of each to his own ideal, but it is a great mistake

1. *Bernard Shaw : A Chronicle*, Legrave Press, 18/- pp. 347.

2. *Morals and Revelation*, by H. D. Lewis, George Allen and Unwin, pp. 255, 16/-.

to suppose that they must also be at one in their opinion about what is right."

The sound work done by contemporary ethical thinkers has, as he shows, been almost completely ignored by Continental and Neo-Protestant theologians who have assumed far too readily that the only alternative to complete subjectivism in ethics is their doctrine of special revelation, interpreted as "The Word of the Lord." On the other hand, the ablest protagonists of moral objectivity have not had to depend on any distinctly religious notions. He tears in shreds the sophistical paradoxes of Brunner and the like which would make the idea of duty meaningless and any moral freedom impossible. He goes on to denounce "the support which the most influential religious thought of today inevitably gives to the moral nihilism by which society is so seriously threatened. Instead of looking to religion for moral stability" we have "to consider how best to counteract the influence of religion itself." He instances pronouncements of the Oxford Oecumenical Conference as a case in point. And he condemns the avowed aim of much contemporary Christian teaching which is to spread the view that men's actions are essentially corrupt. For him "the crucial question for the churches is that of the relevance of the ethical teaching of the Christian Religion to the problems of our day" ... "religious thought will have been in vain if, in its teaching or in the attitude of the Churches, the vitality of the moral life is sapped."

Chapter by chapter Professor Lewis has something really fresh to say. In that on Revelation and Reason he shows that Brunner really makes a case for the continuity of revelation at various levels, which fact Brunner himself completely overlooks. Brunner rationalises religion where he should moralise it. In fact, God is not one tenth as exclusive as Brunner's theology!

Writing of obedience to conscience, our author shows that the doctrine of original sin converts the limitations imposed upon us by unavoidable circumstances into radical defects of human nature which preclude the pursuit of the very ideals by which man is to be judged.

For those whose serious study of ethics dates back to college days, Professor Lewis has provided an up-to-date guide and a masterly application of ethical principles to the theological and wider world issues of today. As to moral freedom and the unsoundness of current theories of collective responsibility and guilt he writes convincingly. No less incisive is his uncovering of certain ambiguities in mystical thought and, in applying his theory of Revelation to art and poetry, he shows the interdependence of sound aesthetic and religious philosophy. It is all well done and so very satisfying.

FROM RATIONALISM TO UNITARIANISM 3

The religious autobiography of John Rowland makes interesting reading, especially for those who know that it is to Unitarianism that he has come and that it is to Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds and the Rev. Dr. Wilde that he refers in the closing pages. We may be permitted to wonder whether the S.C.M. Press would have published this book and made it a "Book of the Month" if he had been as explicit here as he has apparently been in all else.

There is no spectacular conversion but the patent sincerity of a hard thinking man whose expositions of modern science and criminology in other works lack nothing in clarity and precision. We are moved to welcome Mr. Rowland wholeheartedly into the heretical fellowship of those who put reason, freedom and tolerance foremost among their religious principles. Readers may like to refer to two articles by Mr. Rowland in the Spring Numbers 1951 and 1952 of this Journal.

Remembering Dr. Joad's recantation of Rationalism, (Rationalist Annual 1946) we congratulate Mr. Rowland on having avoided the spirit of a belligerent apologia. "Truth" said Emerson, "if it is presented in a polemical form has already ceased to be the truth." What we have here is the record of the steadily growing conviction of the spiritual nature of reality. Characteristically, his conclusions are not put forward as final. But they are all the stronger for being freely arrived at and freely held. We commend this book to those who have incipient doubts as to the adequacy of science to guide our feet into the way of peace. Personal testimony, such as this, based on years of experience and conscientious self-questioning, is worth many tomes of theological exposition, which rarely lights the lamp of faith. We believe that Mr. Rowland has the ability to help others along the road to an ever deepening and more satisfying faith in God and man.

A FREE VOICE RAISED IN ITALY: PIOLI ON SOCINUS

For the past forty years Professor Pioli has devoted his life to the rekindling of the flame of Religious Liberalism in a land dominated by Papal authoritarianism. Born in 1877 and trained by the Roman Church he became Vice-Rector of the Propaganda Pontifical College for Roman Catholic Missions. After being publicly dismissed as a "Modernist" he carried on research in South America, France and Germany with the aid of friends. Returning to Italy he took advanced degrees at the Universities of Naples and Pisa and became teacher of English. In 1934 he was again dismissed and deprived of his livelihood for his opposition to fascism. For three months he was imprisoned and then banned from teaching for two years. Since then the building of a Unitarian

movement has been his all-absorbing goal. During fifty years of his life he has studied the eighty latin works of Faustus Socinus, (1539-1604) who gave his name to that liberalising religious movement in Europe, Socinianism, which heralded the advent of Unitarianism in Britain and America. Working under the hard conditions of war-time Italy, Professor Pioli completed the major part of a work on Faustus Socinus, which is now published in Italian. 4

Unable to get any publisher to risk association with an heretical work, owing to the clerical absolutism unmitigated in post-war Italy, our friend has devoted his all too meagre means to financing the printing of 1,000 copies of his book. To fulfil its avowed purpose in Italy this work of some 700 pages had to be written and published in Italian. This sadly limits the possibility of our commendation bringing that encouragement and assistance to Professor Pioli which we would desire. Nevertheless we shall give a full-length review of his work at an early date, hoping that in the meantime librarians of colleges and other institutions will give it their attention. Apart from the personality of the author, the publication of a book on Faustus Socinus is an important event in the free religious world. How much liberal religion owes to Socinus we may realise but dimly but his emphasis on Religion as a way of life rather than as a matter of dogma and creed was insistent. "He who obeys God and his Christ shall be surely saved, let him believe what he likes."

FIVE YEARS

With this issue the first five volumes of *Faith and Freedom* are complete. The main purpose of this Journal has, I believe, been fulfilled, that is, to present to the world the scholarly findings and the buoyant faith of those who have entered into the high tradition of men whose work and lives were dedicated to Truth, to Liberty and to Religion. But something unlooked for has also resulted; something which only the Editor has been in a position to realise; something which has gladdened his heart and made all the labour seem doubly worthwhile. Slowly but steadily *Faith and Freedom* is finding men and women at home and abroad, some of them in the oddest corners and most out-of-the-way places who never knew before of a fellowship of free minds in religion. A complete issue could be filled with messages of gratitude and appreciation from these alone. We are trying to meet,—with what success these letters testify in part—the hunger that is in the hearts and minds of men. And those who earnestly seek are of the salt of the earth.

4. *Faustus Socinus : Life, Works and Fortune*, by Giovanni Pioli, Vego Guanda, via Cantelli 13, Parma, Italy, pp. 700, 2,500 lira.